A

VINDICATION

OF

PROVIDENCE:

OR, A

TRUE ESTIMATE

OF

Human LIFE.

IN WHICH THE

Paſſions are conſider'd in a New Light.

Preach'd in St. *George's* Church near *Hanover-Square*, ſoon after the late *KING's Death.*

BY

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DISCOURSE I.

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VINDICATION
OF
PROVIDENCE.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the *Deliberate Execution*, is any ways equal to the *Material Intention* of the following Diſcourſe; It will not be, (give me leave to ſay,) altogether Unworthy of a Royal Patronage.

DEDICATION.

THE Design is of great Consequence; and, I think, New: It is to remove a Prevailing, and Inveterate Mistake, which first Sprang, and now Thrives in a Soil too indulgent to it, and a Soil too difficultly subdu'd, the *Pride*, and *Ill-Nature*, and *Melancholy*, and *Vice* of Mankind. I mean, MADAM, That false Opinion, that Reflection on Providence, "That This World "is, in its own Nature, That is, by God's "Appointment, a World of Sorrow, a "Scene of Misery, a Vale of Tears; and "that to *Be* in it, is to *Be wretched* un-"avoidably." Whereas this Treatise shall endeavour to make it manifest, That Providence is not only Gracious in the Composition, Studious of the Accommodation, Preventive

ventive of the Accidents, Corrective of the Miſtakes, and Liberal to the Wants, but Laviſh, alſo, to the Luxuries of Man; and that God does not only permit, but *enable* us, and not only enable but *enjoyn* us to be Happy; Happy, to a much greater Degree than we are, That is, than we *chuſe* to be.

NOR is that Error I combat, an Error of the Vulgar, Unlearned, or Sinful only; But the Learned, Wiſe, and Good have fatally contributed their ſacred Authority towards the Propagation, and Eſtabliſhment of it: Either through Inadvertency, or the Reſentment of *preſent* Pain, or an indiſcreet, tho' well-intended, and ſo far laudable Zeal, in the recommendation of a Better World.

MOST

Moſt of them have, as it were caſually, let fall from their Pens, which purſu'd ſome other Principal Point, too ſevere, and unguarded Intimations to the Diſcredit of our *preſent* State: *Many* have made an Invective on this Life, a *general* Drift that mingled itſelf in all their Diſcourſes, and Converſations: And *ſome* have made it their *particular* Theme, and avowdly, determinately, and ſtrictly drove at this very Point; without adjoyning the true Cauſes, the proper Cures, the right Uſes, and ſalutary Effects of *our* Misfortunes and Pains; and thus have left *Grounds*, of Future Argument againſt the *Goodneſs*, and thrown a Preſent Cloud over the *Glory* of the Great Diſpoſer of Events, the *King* of *Time*, and of *Eternity*.

LET,

DEDICATION.

LET, MADAM, One of his moſt ſhining Repreſentatives on Earth, patronize, and vindicate a *Vindication* of *His Providence*; Let One of the Principal *Ornaments of Human Life* eſpouſe *a True Eſtimate of it*; Let Her graciouſly defend a Refutation of an Error, which flows from a Decay of That *Faith*, of which our dread Sovereign is the Great *Defender*, and which leads to a Corruption of That *Morality*, of which Her own correct Conduct is the Diſtinguiſh'd *Glory*. Let that Queen who is nearly concern'd in the *ſad Occaſion* that turn'd my Thought on this Subject, take it into Her Protection; Her *Protection* will recommend it to the World, and Her *Example* will ſupply the Defects of this Compoſition on it.

AND

DEDICATION.

AND, Madam, as your Example *will* aſſiſt me, So that Good Providence, whoſe Ways I preſume to aſſert, Grant, that Your Fortune *may* too! That Your Moſt Sacred Majeſty, from this joyful, and unclouded *Morning* of your Reign, may ſhine forth a long, and Illuſtrious *Day*, as an unanſwerable *Inſtance* of *Temporal* Happineſs, and an unqueſtionable *Heir* of *Eternal*, is the conſtant, and fervent Prayer of

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's moſt Obedient

And moſt Dutiful Subject

E. YOUNG.

THE PREFACE.

I *KNOW not well why, but the* Paſſions *are a Favourite Subject with Mankind: The Reaſon may poſſibly be, Becauſe Men are much concern'd with them, both as to themſelves, and Others; and where we have a* Self-concern, *we have an* Attention. *Or, Becauſe they are ſuch Powerful, and Univerſal Springs, that almoſt all the Pleaſures, Pains, Deſigns, and Actions of Life are owing to Them; and therefore it is our* Intereſt *to* know *them well: Or, Becauſe every Man carrying them in his own Breaſt, He thinks he knows them well* already, *and is therefore an Able Judge of* ſuch *Compoſitions; And thus his* Pride *has a Fondneſs for them: Or, Becauſe the Paſſions, like the Boy at the Fountain, fall in love with their own Repreſentation: Or, Becauſe Many are all Paſſion, and if Men conſider a Treatiſe on the Paſſions, as a Hiſtory of Themſelves, it is no wonder they read it with Pleaſure. Or, Becauſe what a moſt celebrated*

Antient writ on this Subject is loſt, to the great Regret of the Learned, and Polite World, which is ſtudious of ſome Reparation of that Loſs, and the more ſo, becauſe what other Antients have left on that Head, is Imperfect, and Short.

BEING ſenſible how difficult it is to gain Attention for Works of Divinity, I have inſiſted more on the Paſſions, than any other Head of the following Diſcourſe; in hopes of a more welcome Reception prepar'd for it, by that general Taſt, or Diſpoſition of Heart, which I have mentioned. I have mark'd their Diſtinctions, and Peculiarities with ſome Care.

A French Author, has treated of them with ſuch Accuracy, and Applauſe, that it conciliated to him the particular Favour of a Celebrated Queen, who wept for the Death of the Author of that Piece, though ſhe had never ſeen the Man.

BUT He had a wrong Byaſs on him through the Whole to the Prejudice of it; Nor could I reap any Advantage from Him beſide that of having ſuch an Example of Induſtry, and Diſcernment; of which, what Uſe I have made I do not Hope, but Fear the Reader will too eaſily perceive. That Author indeed diſplays the Paſſions at large, and purſues them into all their ſeveral Branches, whereas I could find Room for the Primary, or Radical Paſſions only, at preſent; but they may, one Day ſhoot, under Her Majeſty's benign Influence, (who like the Queen above-mentioned, is the greateſt Encourager of Arts) and give that one Tree of Human Knowledge its entire Growth.

BUT as Imperfect as the Diſcourſe now is, (of which I am very ſenſible) I perſuade my ſelf the Reader will find an Uncommon Variety in it; And that the Obſervations, which are by no Means drawn from Books, but the Life, are ſo far Juſt,

That

The PREFACE.

That any one who is at the Pains of looking on them, may possibly find Truths which his own Experience can atteſt, and thus be a Witneſs, *as well as a* Judge *of what is Here written: He may find ſome Traces, ſome Features of his own Condition, as the* Trojan *met his own Picture on a Foreign Shore. I wiſh, (a rare Wiſh in a Writer) that I could be refuted in what is Here advanc'd, for ſome of the Truths are very melancholy. I hope the Great* Length *will be excuſed, ſince the Nature of the Subject might eaſily have betray'd me into a much greater Tranſgreſſion againſt the Common Limits of This kind of Writing.*

IF this Piece in any tollerable Degree anſwer its Title, *a Peruſal will not be* thrown away *upon it. For I look on it as one of the* Deſiderata *in Literature, and that of the neareſt, and moſt General Concern to Man.*

The Second Diſcourſe will be Publiſh'd ſoon.

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COLOSS. iii. 2.

Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.

WE by no Means queſtion, but that the Birth, and Life, and Death, and Reſurrection of our Lord, were Acts of infinite Merit; Merit ſufficient to ſatisfy God's Juſtice, and bring Sinners to the Terms of Reconcilement, and Salvation: But we muſt not imagine that they wrought any Change or Confuſion in the Nature of Things. God is as pure as ever, and Iniquity is as much his Averſion: Tho' he can be reconciled to *Sinners*, he cannot be reconciled to *Sin*; and tho' the Sinner may be ſaved, he cannot be *ſaved* unleſs he firſt be *changed*; for Heaven has no more Admittance for Corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable Holineſs of God requires, that, notwithſtanding all our Lord has done to ſave us, we ſhould ſtill *work out our own Salvation*, by a Conformity to his *Example*, as well as a Dependance on his *Merit*; nor, moſt impiouſly, make his Merit an Encouragement of Sin.

FOR this Reaſon, the Chriſtian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to riſe again, in a *Moral* Senſe; for in the *Natural*, all theſe Acts are Acts of Neceſſity. Theſe Expreſſions import ſo many ſeveral Stages in the Chriſtian Courſe.

By *Nature* we are born of Fleſh and Blood, which gives us a Conſtitution fond of what is *preſent*, and careleſs of what is *future*: And therefore to ſecure the future, we are told, that the Spirit of God is a new Principle of Life, which, when received into the Soul, will impreſs on it new Thoughts, new Aims, and new Deſires; and to receive this Principle, and theſe Impreſſions, is the Chriſtian *Birth*.

By *Nature* we live a Life of Senſe and Self-will, which is deſtructive of our eternal Intereſt; and therefore we are enjoined to take the Will of Chriſt for our Rule, and his Practice for our Example; and this is the Chriſtian *Life*.

By *Nature* we die thro' a Separation of Soul and Body; but this Separation makes it well with none, with whom it was well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to Sin; and this is the Chriſtian *Death*.

By *Nature* (or by God's Appointment in Nature) we are to riſe again, whether we will, or no; but nothing that is of pure Force can produce an Effect to any one's ſpiritual Advantage; and therefore are we to riſe by Choice, that is, *by ſetting our Affections on Things above*; and this is the Chriſtian *Reſurrection*; the Perfection of the Chriſtian State, and that which the Text particularly calls for.

I ſhall begin with explaining the Words. The firſt Word in the original Text contains the whole Act of our Duty: We tranſlate it, *ſet your Affections*; but more is implyed in it. We cannot *love* any Thing without *judging* of its Worth; nor can we *judge* of the Worth of any Thing, without taking it into our *Thoughts*; and the Word ſignifies each of theſe Acts, to * *think*, to † *judge*, and to ‡ *love*. Thus the whole Signification of the Word not only teaches us the whole *Act* of our Duty, but likewiſe the *Method* neceſſary for the Practice of it; *think*, *judge*, and then *love*.

The next Words are *Things above*: Shewing the Object of our Duty. Now Things above, in the Style of Scripture, ſignifies the Things of *Grace*, and the Things of *Glory*. The Things of

* Rom. 12. † Rom. 14. 6. ‡ In the Text.

of *Grace*, are Holineſs, Juſtice, Temperance, Charity, and all other Chriſtian Virtues. Prov. xv. 24. *The Way of Life is above to the Wiſe, that he may depart from Hell beneath*; that is, every wiſe Man will be religious; for this is the Way above, that upper, exalted Way that leads to Life: But Sin is the low, and ignominious Way; ſo low, that there is nothing beneath it but Hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, by Things above, are meant the Things of *Glory*; as the beatifick Viſion of God, the Preſence of Chriſt, the Converſation of Angels, the Fellowſhip of Saints; Bodies glorified, Souls ennobled, Faculties enlarged, and entertained with tranſporting Objects, and repleniſhed with unmixed Joys! All theſe Things are meant by Things above: And one would imagine that an Injunction could not be ungrateful, to *ſet our Affections* on Things like theſe.

And yet it is ungrateful to moſt of us; and that for this Reaſon, becauſe there are Things on the Earth too, Things contrary in their *Nature*, and inconſiſtent in their *Choice*, with the Things now mentioned: Pleaſant Things, and ſuch whoſe Pleaſures are preſent, and palpable, and always at hand: Pleaſures of Appetite and Senſe, thoſe winning Maſters, under whoſe Dominion we ſpend the firſt of our Years for *want* of Reaſon, and (too often) the reſt, in *ſpite* of it: Pleaſures, that thro' their Number, and Opportunity, and Prepoſſeſſion, and Cuſtom, get ſuch a fatal Aſcendant, that unleſs we are always on our Guard againſt them, our Love of *Things above* will either never ſpring, or (what is all one) never come to Maturity. And this is the Reaſon of that Caution ſuperadded in the laſt Words of the Text, *not on Things on the Earth.*

Having thus explained the Words, I proceed to ſhew the particular Method of practiſing the Duty contained in them; which conſiſts (as I have already intimated) in thoſe three Acts; 1ſt, Thinking of; 2dly, Judging; 3dly, Loving the *Things above.*

To *think* of them is the Beginning of our Duty. Nothing can act on the Soul but by the Mediation of Thought; that

which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not: And therefore it is not ſo much the Beauty, or Excellency, or Gratefulneſs, or Fitneſs of an Object, as Thought that makes us love. The Object brings in the Matter, but Thought gives the Form to the Paſſion; and if we think not of a Thing, it is impoſſible we ſhould love it, be it never ſo lovely.

If therefore we would work our ſelves to a proper Zeal for *Things above*, it is neceſſary that we ſhould allow our ſelves ſtated Seaſons of thinking on them: We muſt call them into our Mind, and make them the Matter of our ſerious Contemplation, and then the moſt deſirable Things will certainly move in us a ſuitable Deſire.

Nor is it ſtrange that Thought ſhould be neceſſary to give us an *Affection* for Things *Spiritual* and *remote*, when it is neceſſary to give us a *Perception* of Things *ſenſible*, and *at hand*. The Eye may be open on an Object which it does not ſee; and the Ear ſtruck with Sounds which it does not hear, if Thought is intenſely engaged another Way. But ſmall Attention, indeed, is neceſſary to give Things ſenſible, and preſent their full Force on us. And this is the Reaſon of that Advantage which earthly Things have on our Choice, above heavenly: They are Immediate; their *Preſence* is their *Power*. But religious *Thought*, and that only, can rob them of this fatal Advantage; which is a ſtrong Argument for the Practice of this Duty: Thought can make abſent Things preſent, take away the Diſtance between Earth and Heaven, and make an eternal Good, tho' future, a better Entertainment, and fuller Satisfaction to the Mind, than all the Pleaſures of Sin, tho' at hand.

I Confeſs, indeed, ſince Heaven forces it ſelf on our Thoughts, from a thouſand Occaſions, whither we will, or no; that many think of Heaven, and yet do not deſire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every Man deſires it in Proportion to his Thinking: For no Man but wiſhes for Heaven, while Heaven is on his Mind; and if every tranſient Glance of Thought can procure a *Wiſh*, it is a good Argument, that a fixed, and frequent Contemplation would produce no leſs than an effectual

fectual *Will.* If therefore we affect not Heaven enough, it is becauſe we contemplate it too little.

INDEED there is one ſtrange Conſideration which offers it ſelf on this Subject: Since our common Notion of Things above repreſents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it poſſible that they ſhould not ever engage our Thoughts? how is it poſſible, that Mankind which abhors nothing ſo much as Pain, ſhould not be for ever meditating on that Place, which we confeſs to be the Seat of perfect Exemption from it? how is it poſſible, that Mankind which toils out a weary Life in eager Purſuits of every *Appearance of Good*, ſhould forget That which we confeſs the *Supream?* For it is too manifeſt, that as the Thoughts of Heaven, and heavenly Things enter moſt *rarely* into our Minds, ſo they hang the moſt *looſely* there, and are ſooneſt diſlodged from their ſlender Hold on us. Every new Object, tho' never ſo trifling, foreign, or abſurd, is ſufficient to divert us from the Importance of them.

THE Holy Scripture is frequent in aſſerting, that the Devil is actually, and perpetually converſant among us, his End and Buſineſs being to ſeduce, deceive, and deſtroy. Nor can there be a greater human Demonſtration of this Truth, than this Inſtance of our Thoughts, with regard to the Contemplation of eternal Happineſs; wherein their Slackneſs, Avocations, Startings, Wanderings, and Interruptions, are ſo unaccountable, ſo contrary to their Nature and Manner of Attention, when applied to worldly Objects, that they cannot ſeem to receive their Conduct from any Principle, either Voluntary, or Mechanical, that is purely within our ſelves, but from the extrinſick Influence and Injection of that evil Spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, *Mat.* xiii. 19. with this very Fact of ſnatching away *Good Thoughts* from the Heart of Man.

AND, indeed, if Men but grant that there is ſuch a Power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we muſt ceaſe to be Chriſtians,) the Other follows of it ſelf: For the *Region* of the Soul, in which the Devil forges his Wiles to deceive us, is the *Imagination*; and his *Manner* of working is by forming Images,

or

or exciting Motions there, which become the immediate Matter of our Thought; and his *Time* of working is then particularly, when he perceives our Minds are religiouſly diſpoſed; for then he is moſt afraid of loſing his Hold on us. And thence comes to paſs (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the Seaſons of Devotion a Languor, and Inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before, nor after: For then eſpecially, he attempts our Imagination, and throngs it with foreign Matter. As therefore my Text requires the *ſetting our Thoughts on Things above*, in Order to create ſuch a Reliſh, and kindle ſuch a Deſire as is due to them; ſo, in order to ſetting our Thoughts on them, it is neceſſary to ſuperadd this Rule; That in the Seaſons aſſigned for ſuch Contemplation, we ſhould always guard our Thoughts with that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, *Deliver us from Evil*, that Evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us to ſnatch away good Thoughts from our Hearts.

But a Perſuaſive to ſerious Contemplation (and nothing leſs than ſerious Contemplation is ſufficient) muſt ſeem ſtrange to ſo gay an Age, which has diſtinguiſhed it ſelf by nothing more, than by carrying Diverſions to their greateſt, and moſt expenſive Height; *Diverſions*, which are the Reverſe of ſerious *Thought*: An Age, which particularly may be ſaid with *Sempronia*, *Pſallere, & ſaltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt Probæ.* Pecuniæ, *an* Famæ *minus parceret haud facile diſcerneres.* I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of ſome Effect on all that hear it attentively.

" Ah, my Friends! while we *laugh*, all Things are *ſerious*
" round about us: God is ſerious, who exerciſeth Patience toward
" us; Chriſt is ſerious, who ſhed his Blood for us; the Holy
" Ghoſt is ſerious, who ſtriveth againſt the Obſtinacy of our
" Hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears the moſt ſeri-
" ous Things in the World; the Holy Sacraments repreſent the
" moſt ſerious, and awful Matters; the whole Creation is ſeri-
" ous

* Saluſt.

" ous in ſerving God, and us; all that are in Heaven, or Hell, " are ſerious; how, then, can we be gay?" To give theſe excellent Words their full Force, it ſhould be known, that they came not from the *Prieſthood*, but the *Court*; and from a Courtier as eminent as *England* ever boaſted.

I SHALL now proceed to my *ſecond* Head, *Judging* of the *Things above*; which is the ſecond Act of our Duty. As *judging* of them without *thinking*, which ſome do, (or our Converſations and Preſſes would not be ſo guilty as they are,) is prepoſterous; ſo *thinking* of them without *judging*, is incompetent, and ſhort. We muſt therefore *judge* likewiſe of the *Things above*; that is, we muſt *think* of them *comparatively*, weigh them againſt all other Things, that may poſſibly ſtand in Competition with them; and ſo on a rational, and mature Deliberation, give them that Preference which they ſo well deſerve.

Now this *ſecond* Act of the Soul is neceſſary for the fixing our Affections, for *this* Reaſon; becauſe the ſimple Act of *Thinking*, indifferently raiſes our Love to every Thing that is pleaſurable; but when *Judgment* comes to examine, and diſcern between thoſe pleaſurable Things, it will find that ſome of them muſt be foregone, and rejected of Neceſſity, becauſe they are inconſiſtent *with*, and deſtructive *of* each other. And this, in a particular Manner, is the Caſe between *Things above*, *and Things upon the Earth*; both of them offer Pleaſures, and ſuch Pleaſures as muſt neceſſarily engage our Affections on our firſt Contemplation of them: But thoſe two Kinds of Pleaſures are inconſiſtent; ſo contrary to each other, both in their Nature, and their Means, that it is impoſſible for one Soul to purſue both; ſuch, therefore, as entertain a diſtracted Inclination for both of them, are called in Scripture, Men of *two* Souls.

SINCE, then, it is neceſſary to *chuſe* one, in Order to enjoy *either*, let our *Judgment* examine theſe two Competitors for our Affections, *Things above*, and *Things upon the Earth*, and ſee which of them is moſt likely to bring in the fulleſt Satisfaction to our Souls.

FIRST

First, let us put this World in the Ballance; and to avoid Confuſion in ſo wide a Subject, let us ſeparately conſider the different *Orders*, *Ages*, *Aims*, *Relations*, *Conſtitutions*, *Tempers*, and *Paſſions* of Men; and ſee this *Variety united* in Uneaſineſs, and Complaint.

1ſt, As to their *Orders*. The *Peaſant* complains aloud; the *Courtier* in Secret repines: In *Want*, what Diſtreſs? In *Affluence*, what Satiety? The *Great* are under as much Difficulty to expend with Pleaſure, as the *Mean* to labour with Succeſs. In *Retirement*, what Oſcitancy, what Heavineſs? In the World, what Conflict, what Fatigue? The *Ignorant*, thro' ill-grounded Hope, are diſappointed; the *Knowing*, thro' Knowledge, deſpond. Ignorance occaſions Miſtake; Miſtake Diſappointment, and Diſappointment *is* Miſery: Knowledge, on the other Hand, gives true Judgment; and true Judgment of Things below, gives a Demonſtration of their Inſufficiency to our Peace. *Good Fortune* makes the Will undiſciplined and diſſolute, the Imagination vain, the Paſſions ſtrong, and the Underſtanding weak: A miſerable State! *Affliction* is the beſt School of Wiſdom; no Volumes are an Equivalent for the Neceſſity of Reflection that lays us under; but then it muſt be confeſſed we pay dear for its Inſtruction: And ſince the End of Wiſdom is to lead us to Pleaſure, what ſignifies that Wiſdom which is accompanied with Pain?

The *Marriage State* only *may* be the moſt happy, but *is* the moſt dangerous; as fruitful of Calamities, as it is of Relations; whoſe Capacity of being our greateſt Pleaſures, is likewiſe their Capacity of being our greateſt Pains. And if we conſult Experience more than Reaſon in this Point, we have Grounds to fear the worſt. Nor is Reaſon entirely on the other Side; for if there are more Vices, than Virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate Accidents in Life, the Ballance in this State will probably turn againſt us: The *Good* in it we look on as our Due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper Emotion of Heart; the *Bad* is unexpected, and therefore keen the Reſentment of it: The Shaft is ſharp; the Surprize dips it in Poiſon, and doubles

our

our Anguiſh. Both Parties look on all that the other can do for them as an abſolute *Debt*: This Notion leaves Both a much leſs Power to *oblige*, than to *diſguſt*; and conſequently makes Diſquiets almoſt unavoidable.

THE *State of Celebacy*, unleſs it can work out an artificial Happineſs for the Abſence of Evils, which requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a deſert, melancholy, and diſconſolate State: At the Maturity of Life, tender Affections awake in the Heart, which demand their proper Objects, and pine for the want of them. In this State of Celebacy, they muſt either be extinguiſhed, or continued without Gratification: The *firſt* is a great Violence to Nature; the *ſecond*, her laſting Pain; and a Pain of that Kind, which furniſhed the *Platoniſts* with their principal Idea of Hell. Our Paternal *Affections* muſt be drawn off, like a Mother's *Milk*, or they will corrupt, and turn to Diſeaſe.

Husband, and *Father* are the Titles of Honour which *Nature* diſpenſes, and endows them with greater Pleaſure, than any Titles which *Fortune* can confer. They that reſiſt the Impulſes of Nature, are reſiſted by Her, in their new Schemes of Enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful Adverſary. He that has Children *multiplies* himſelf, and gives Happineſs many Channels by which to flow in upon him: Letting the Heart ſtream out in Tenderneſs on its proper Objects, as it is the greateſt Duty, ſo it is the greateſt Bleſſing of Life: To have no one, to whom we heartily wiſh well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable State. It may be ſaid, that *Wiſdom* will provide us with ſuch Objects, in every Condition: It may; but it would coſt us leſs Pains, if we ſuffered *Nature* to eaſe her of that Trouble.

Perſons of *Birth*, *Riches*, *Power*, and *Talents*, thoſe ſhining, and envied Characters, have all their *peculiar* Evils, the Growth of their reſpective States.

FIRST, Perſons of *Birth*: Theſe have their Eye on their Anceſtors; and would have their *Glory* ſubſiſt on the *Merit* of the Dead. This the World will not agree to, but thinks That an *Argument* for Attainments of their own, which the Great by Birth look on as their *Exemption* from the Labour of

them: Thus are they pain'd, where they expect *Homage*, to find *Reproach*. They contemn thoſe of mean Extraction; and by that Contempt, as it were, *exact* their Hate; and generally *have* what they exact, with the bad Conſequences of it. Ardently they deſire Honours, becauſe it is natural to Men to deſire an *Accumulation* of that *Good*, of which already they enjoy a Share: Hence a Diſappointment in *This* Purſuit, is more ſtinging to them, than others. Who is *truly* more noble for his high Birth? He that deſpiſes it: He that deſpiſes it as a *Poſſeſſion*, but values it as an *Incitement* to Virtue. Their *Appellations* are their *Inſtructors*; they are ſtiled *Noble*, on a Preſumption that they retain the *Virtue:* Their Blood is ſtiled *Generous*, on a Preſumption that they retain the *high Nature*, of their Anceſtors. Their *Riches* are not ſufficient.

2dly, Men of *Riches:* Theſe Men, which is natural, are ſo high in their Opinion of what they largely poſſeſs, that they think to have *Riches*, is to have *every Thing*; that, they think it the *Price* for, and *Title* to all the World can give, or Man enjoy. Hence high *Expectations*, and high *Reſentments*, and every Evil is aggrandized by Theſe. Every wrong Accident is a *Calamity*, and not only a Calamity, but an *Injury* too; for have not They a *Title* to better Things? Others when they are ſick are *ſorry*; but theſe are *angry* too, and look on a *Gout*, or a *Fever*, as an Object of *Reſentment*; which is ſtill the ſtranger, becauſe, for the moſt Part, they *invite* them to their Habitations.

3dly, Men of *Power:* They that have it in their Power to make the Fortune, and Reputation of others, *may* have, and often have as many Enemies, as thoſe whoſe Fortune, and Reputation they do not make. For Men are ſo fond of themſelves, as to think, that all, others *can* do, they *ſhould do* for them. This is unjuſt, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the *Uneaſy*, inſtead of venting their Paſſion by ſtriking the Air, as it is natural for the Peeviſh in their Guſts of Rage to do, vent it often on Men in Power, by ſhooting their Arrows at them, *even bitter Words*; Becauſe Men are apt to think they contract an Importance, from the

the Importance of thoſe they injure. Whereas 'tis rare that Men in Power give juſt Offence to ſuch as theſe: If they injure, they ſtoop not to theſe; they level at the Great, for that gives their *Dignity* the higheſt Satisfaction. The *Great* often *juſtly are*, the *Mean* often, *unjuſtly*, *will be*, their Enemies. Where then are their Friends? They muſt be few; and thoſe few are more likely to be ſecret Enemies to them, than to any others with whom they paſs for Friends. Becauſe, Firſt, Men of Power create the greateſt *Envy*, which is our *ſtrongeſt Paſſion:* Secondly, their Ruin would afford the greateſt Plunder, and our own Emolument is our *chiefeſt Aim.*

4thly, Men of *Talents:* If they do not exert them, there is a *poſſible* Excellency loſt; if they do exert them, it will coſt them much Pains, and they may probably fail of Succeſs, through *Malice* of *Accident*, or *Indiſcretion* of *Choice.* Or if they ſucceed in their *Labour*, their Labour may not ſucceed in Reputation; or if it does, it is only ſetting themſelves a *hard Task* for the future, for it is double Shame to fall beneath themſelves. *Fame* is generally theſe Mens Aim; and to fail of our Aim, be it never ſo idle, is Infelicity. An Author [redacted] at his Lamp tells himſelf in Triumph, now the Toil is almoſt over, the Purchaſe at hand, he's within a Month of Immortality. But on *Publication* he finds the Payment deferred; deferr'd to the Day of his Death; too late a Payment of *That* which he cannot transfer to his Heir. There is no ſtronger Infatuation than this Deſire of chimerical Immortality. It is very ſtrange; but the Secret of it is this: God implanted in the Soul a violent Deſire of *Approbation*, in order to ſtimulate Men into an Attainment of his own Approbation, which is the moſt valuable; as he implanted in the Soul ſtrong *Hope*, and *Fear*, and *Love*, that he himſelf might be the Object of them, as my Text directs: But as theſe *Affections* when they ſtop ſhort on *Temporals*, become *Pains*; ſo this violent Deſire of *Approbation*, when it ſtops ſhort at Men, becomes, tho' moſt admirably wiſe in God's Deſign, that ridiculous, and ſeemingly unaccountable Folly of which I ſpeak: And

the wiſeſt of Men, not attending to this, have ſometimes ſtarted in Surprize and Shame; on diſcovering that ſome of their nobleſt Deſigns had their Riſe, and Termination in that moſt deſpicable Point, the *Opinion of Men.* Thus you ſee that the Thirſt of *Approbation*, when miſapply'd becomes a *Folly* and a *Shame*, which is its Reverſe: And this is the State of the greateſt Gifts that Omnipotence can beſtow, when turned on improper Ends. *This*, therefore, which might ſeem *digreſſive*, is not ſo; it tends to demonſtrate the Miſeries of this Life, ſince hence it appears, that we have Reaſon to ſtand in Dread of the very *Excellencies* of our Nature, as well as the *Imperfections* of it.

SECONDLY, Conſider the different *Ages: Young* Men deſire *paſſionately*, and therefore are *afflictively* diſappointed. They deſire chiefly Gratifications of *Senſe*, and therefore ſoon impair their Appetites for them, and anticipate old Age by Infirmities.

THEY are extreamly *mutable* in their Inclinations, and therefore as ſome Things by *Nature cannot*, others, through their own *Temper*, *ſhall not* pleaſe them long.

THEY are *faſtidious* in their Pleaſures, as thinking the moſt delicate and exalted, the Prerogative of their Time of Life: Thus they *reject* many, and *impair* the reſt.

THEY are *prone to Anger*, becauſe unſubdued by *Fortune*, and unapprized by *Wiſdom* of what they ought to expect: Hence are they diſpleaſed with others without Cauſe, and then with themſelves, for being ſo; for generally their *Senſe* of being in the Wrong is as quick, as their Propenſity to it, is ſtrong.

THEY have not a ſufficient Regard for Things of *Utility*, becauſe they never wanted, and find the bad Effects of it; what their Pride can better taſte, pleaſes them more: Hence they are very *tender of their Honour*, before they have gained any; and *thus* are they pain'd, not only about Things that *are*, but Things alſo, that *are not.*

THEY are *credulous*, becauſe unexperienced; deceived, becauſe credulous; and outrageous, becauſe deceived: And hence, from *too fond an Opinion*, they are apt to conceive *too inveterate*

rate a Diſlike for Mankind; as fruitful a Source of Evil, as their *firſt* Miſtake.

THE young Man's Field of *Reflection* is ſmall, for little is paſt; his Field of *Hope* large, for much is to come; which falling in with Vivacity of Spirits, and Vanity of Heart, he indulges it to the Excluſion of neceſſary Fear, which is the Shield of Life; and hence is he perpetually wounded in his *Peace*, *Fortune*, *Reputation*, or *Health*, or all.

HE delights in *Extreams*, whereas *Virtue* is in the *Mean*, and Happineſs dwells with her. He is a Squanderer of *Wealth*, as well as of Health, Peace, and Reputation; and by the *Guilt* of Youth, lays up *Poverty* for Age. Of which I am now to ſpeak.

Age is infeſted with *Suſpicion*, *Exceſs of Caution*, *Diſaffection*, *Puſilanimity*, *Illiberality*, *Querulouſneſs*, *Immodeſty*, *Garrulity*, *Want of Compaſſion*, *ſolid Hatred*, *Moroſeneſs*, *inordinate Self-Love*, *extream Covetouſneſs*, *and Diſtempers.*

AN *old Man* is *ſuſpicious*, becauſe incredulous; and incredulous, becauſe experienced. For the *Knowledge* and *Diſtruſt* of Mankind are inſeparable. Now he that lives in perpetual *Suſpicion*, lives the Life of a Centinel, of a Centinel never relieved; whoſe Buſineſs it is to *look out* for, and *expect* an Enemy, which is an Evil not very far ſhort of *periſhing by him.*

ALLIED to Suſpicion is *Exceſs of Caution:* Wiſdom, Coldneſs of Temperature, and ſometimes Ill-nature, are mixed in this. I ſhall chuſe one Inſtance that includes them all: In Points of Speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any Thing poſitively, though *he* is beſt able to do it: He *knows* nothing, but is of *ſuch an Opinion* on moſt Occaſions; by which, one Thing he means, is, to call younger Men Fools, who delight in a more ſanguine Stile; and thus artfully to gratify his Diſaffection to them.

HE is all *Diſaffection:* I ſpeak in general. He loves no body, becauſe formerly, very probably, his good Inclinations have been abuſed; beſides, the Affections as naturally contract in the Even-

Evening of Life, as Flowers at the Departure of the Sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none; nor is, lov'd or enjoyed by any.

He is *Puſilanimous*, from Decay of Spirits, and the Blows of Fortune. Now Puſilanimity is the Want of *Hope*, and Hope is the *Cordial* of Life.

He is *Querulous*, which is the Voice of Puſilanimity; and the Source of *Contempt*.

He is *Illiberal*, as knowing how hard it is to *gain*, and how eaſy to *loſe*; as likewiſe, from a growing Paſſion for the Security of *To-morrow*; whereas *To-day* is the Miſtreſs of Youth. Now Illiberality is the Source of *Hatred*, as *Generoſity* is of Love.

He is *Immodeſt*, I mean hardened to the Eye, and unaffected with the Opinion of others, becauſe he diſeſteems them; and diſeſteems them, becauſe he knows them; and Praiſe, and Diſpraiſe we diſeſteem, when we diſeſteem thoſe from whom they come. Now this Immodeſty is a Source both of *Hatred*, and *Contempt*. Beſides, *Virtue* is always enfeebled by a Neglect of Praiſe, which is a Food of it.

He is *Talkative*, becauſe his largeſt Scene lies *backward*; and his Talk on the *paſt*, is always a Cenſure on the *preſent*: Now he that cenſures, is *diſpleaſed*. Beſides, *this* Talkativeneſs is diſguſting on two Accounts: Firſt, As he is generally his own Theme; Secondly, As it runs counter to the Fire, and Activity of younger Men, to whom he ſpeaks.

His *Compaſſion* is *ſlight*, from his Familiarity with Misfortunes; and his *Hatred* is *ſolid*, more apt to vent it ſelf in *Deeds* than *Words*, from the Maturity of his Wiſdom, which loves Things *effectual*, and to the Purpoſe. His *former* Qualities put him in a State of War with Mankind: *This*, in a State of War that gives no Quarter.

He is *Moroſe*, and an *inordinate Lover of himſelf*. The *Firſt*, becauſe he envies Pleaſures which he can't partake. There is no ſuch Thing, at leaſt, in our Climate, as a gay old Man. The *Second*, becauſe Men riſe in Fondneſs for Things, in Proportion

portion to their Hazard of loſing them; and his Life is on the Departure. Hence abſurdly his *Love* increaſes, as its *Value* fails. Now from all that has been ſaid,

His *extream Covetouſneſs* is accounted for. Money has *two* excellent Qualities for him: *Firſt*, it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do: It will keep him Company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his Errands; it will procure him Smiles, and Bows, and all the *Outſide* of Affection, and Reſpect. *Secondly*, as it is a Thing *inanimate*, it can give him no Offence. But not to aggravate this Matter, which it little needs, granting that as *Youth* is the Reign of vehement Deſire; and vehement Deſire, is a Diſeaſe, a Fever, a Pain; ſo *Age*, indeed, brings on a Serenity; *Experience* makes us able Pilots in the Waves of Fortune; and *Vigour impair'd* no longer ſcorches us with the Violence of Deſire; Granting, that the Mind gains that Strength which the Body loſes, and intellectual Pleaſures are then in their full Force; yet ſo are

Diſtempers too: And what Comfort is there in an *Hoſpital*, or a *Storm?* In *Youth* what Diſappointments of our own making? In *Age* what Diſappointments from the Nature of Things? It is long before we arrive at a right Conduct, and by that at a true Reliſh, and good Husbandry of Life; and when we are arrived at it, as much as *Wiſdom* gives, *Time* withdraws, Objects begin to flatten, and Appetites to fail. Human Life has then its Morning and Evening; but *the Evening and Morning are one Day*; a Day of Sorrows! different indeed in Sort, but in Eſſence the ſame. And *this* is the Reaſon why Men always unhappy, are always expecting Happineſs. For had we no Change of Scenes to experience one after another, we ſhould ſooner be convinced of the Vanity of our Expectations: Whereas we, now, are amuſed with Hope, which, for Pleaſure, gives us Change of Pain; we are *wretched*, and *deceived*, which increaſes our Wretchedneſs; for every Sorrow receives a new Sting, from our Expectation of the contrary.

THIRDLY, Conſider our *Aims:* If we let looſe our Wiſhes at Things above our Deſert, how rarely we ſucceed? Or if we ſucceed, how are we pain'd with the Fears of expoſing our Inſufficiency? How ſhall we make good the Promiſe our *Fortune* has made to the World? We muſt live in perpetual Conſtraint; be for ever ſweating under a Mask of Form and Artifice, which, in ſpite of all our Care, the Wiſe will ſee through; and, at their Mercy we lie, for the precarious Character we preſerve. And how ridiculous a Sight is it, to ſee a Man embarraſs'd by good Fortune, and ſtruggling with his own Succeſs? To take up more Money than our *Eſtate* can anſwer, in Time, is certain *Ruin:* To take up more Reputation than our *Merit* can anſwer, in Time, is as certain *Shame.*

IF our *Fortune*, on the other hand, falls below our *Deſert*, how careleſs are we of exerting thoſe Capacities we are really Maſters of, and of levying that Advantage and Reputation which is due to them? Our Preferment is our Puniſhment; and the Conciouſneſs of our Worth is at once our Pride, and our Affliction: How unpromiſing a Scene is that for Happineſs, where our Merit increaſes the Number of our Pains?

IF our Aims are *proportion'd* to our *Deſert*, we may indeed ſucceed; but our Succeſs will ſoon grow inſipid, nay, painful, when we ſee (as ſoon we ſhall) our Inferiors in Merit get the Start of us in Place, and Fortune; when we find our *Wiſdom*, and *Modeſty* leſs advantageous, than the *Raſhneſs*, and *Confidence* of other Men.

IF we ſtand *Alone*, and Independent, it is a proud, but a ſolitary, and uncomfortable Dominion, unrefreſh'd with Hope, which is the Life of Life itſelf. If we have our Attachments, and lean againſt our Superiors, it is often a ſhining Servitude, a promiſing Anxiety, that excites indeed our Spirits, but torments them too, during the *Suſpence*; and as often deceives, as ſatisfies, in the *End.* Which has moſt Happineſs? a ſervile Hope, or a hopeleſs Independency? He that has many *Hopes*, has many Poſſibilities of *Diſappointment:* He that has few, has few Occaſions of *Joy.*

IF

If we converſe with our *Inferiors*, or *Equals* only, we ſacrifice the Advancement of our Fortune, to preſent Eaſe and Complacency; If with our *Superiors*, we in ſome Meaſure ſacrifice our Eaſe, and Complacency to our Fortune; our Caution muſt be always awake, our Abilities always on the Stretch; and Converſation, which was deſigned to recreate, muſt become a Diſcipline, and an Enterprize.

Moreover, it is *Expectation* from Superiors that is apt to give a painful, and unreaſonable Awe of them; an Awe due rather to God, than Man. It is *That* which annoys our Breaſts with puſilanimous Doubts and Fears; *That* makes the little Heart play its ſervile Paſſions in all their Force, at a Smile, or a Frown; which He that does *not expect* is free from himſelf, and in others, moſt juſtly contemns. The moſt deſpicable Weakneſs any one Man can be guilty of, is an undue Fear of another, which *Expectation* is apt to ſubject him to.

Obſcurity has its obvious Diſadvantages; and a *Great Name* is the Mark of Envy, and Reproach: Or if Reproach ſpare it, it muſt be Nurtur'd, or Loſt. *Time* itſelf will work Decay in Glory, as in other Things; unleſs it be kept in Repair at the Expence of returning Pains, and a Succeſſion of Deſerts: And if preſerved, it has its *moral* Evils; Fame from *Letters* makes a Man unſociable, and overbearing; Fame from political Wiſdom, deſigning; and Fame from *Arms*, incorrect of Life. It has likewiſe its *natural* Evils. For ſince *Fame* is the general Miſtreſs of Mankind, he that enjoys it has almoſt as many Rivals as Men, and often as many Foes as Rivals.

One Man aims at making his Happineſs by *Philoſophy*, another by *Fortune*. The *Firſt* is ſtemming the Stream of the World, and his own Nature, with endleſs Labour; the *Second* is carried away by that Stream, with endleſs Hazard, and every Wave is Maſter of his Peace.

One follows *Fancy*; and by that Time the Thing fancied is attained, his Fancy for it is fled. Another follows *Cuſtom*, and is faſhionably pleaſed in Contradiction to his own Heart. Seeming to be happy, is his Happineſs; now *ſeeming* Happineſs im-

plies the *Want* of it. A third follows *Reaſon*; and Reaſon puts us out of Humour with almoſt every Thing about us.

If Men have no *Purſuits* they are a Burthen to themſelves; if they have, Diſappointments are a Greater. What Diſappointments interrupt the moſt ſucceſsful *Proſecutions?* And what is worſe, *Poſſeſſion* is the greateſt Diſappointment of all; it deſtroys the very Phantom of Happineſs, our pleaſing Error, our ſweet Flatterer, Hope, which before we enjoyed. The Man of Succeſs, and of the higheſt Advancement, firſt indeed laughs at others; but ſoon he revenges them by laughing at himſelf. He wonders how he could be ſo paſſionately fond of what ſo little deſerved his Fondneſs: He is grieved, he is ſurprized, he is angry that the Abſence of thoſe Things was able to give him ſo much Pain, the Preſence of which can afford ſo little Enjoyment. But he uſually keeps the Secret, in poor Hopes of That Enjoyment from the miſtaken Envy of others, which the Things Envied cannot give him; and takes a malicious Pleaſure in ſeeing his unwarned Followers deceived as well as himſelf. There is ever a certain Languor attending the Fulneſs of Proſperity: When the Heart has no more to wiſh, it yawns over its Poſſeſſion; and the Energy of the Soul goes out like a Flame that has no more to devour; or, like a Storm, loſes its Force for want of Oppoſition. Who is ſo wretched as the Man that is overwhelm'd with a Multitude of Affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting Superiority of Fortune ſhould give ſome Superiority of Happineſs, let it be remarked, that he who increaſes the Endearments of Life, increaſes, at the ſame Time, the Terrors of Death. Which leads me to

The 4th Conſideration, that of our *Relations* in Life: A Wife, a Child, dear to us as our own Boſoms in which they lie, what Cowards do they make us? What are their Endearments, their Softneſs, their Charms, but new Terrors in the Frown, and new Shafts in the Quiver of *Misfortune*, and *Death?* There is ſomething truly formidable in having ſuch tender Bleſſings as theſe; and every wiſe and feeling Heart, while it is tranſported at the Thoughts of them, muſt tremble too.

BUT all Relations are not pain'd through Tenderneſs of Affection. While the Father is ſollicitous for the Welfare of his Son, how ſollicitous and impatient is the Son (very often) for the Death of that very Father? What are Alliances of Blood, but Titles for Expectation? And what are Titles for Expectation, but Expoſures *to* Diſappointment, and Aggravations *of* its Smart? All That ſeeming Family-Endearment, Comfort, and Complacency, which we figure to our ſelves at a Diſtance, what is it, too often, but mutual Attacks on the Peace, Plots on the Riches, Hopes from the Sickneſs, and Joy from the Deaths of each other?

THE Servant envies his Maſter, and ſometimes the Maſter his Servant, and perhaps with more Juſtice; but juſtly, neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would reſcue the World from one Sin, there would be no ſuch Thing as Envy upon Earth; Envy, which is a double Folly; Folly, as it is a Sin, and Folly as it is a Miſtake; for it reſults from the Suppoſition of that which is not, the ſuperior Happineſs of others; which is not, I mean, in that Degree we conceive of it; and we *envy* that which we *conceive*.

5thly, As to *Conſtitutions*, and *Tempers*: In Health, what Temptation? In Sickneſs, what Pain? The Miſery of many is wrapp'd up in their very Veins, how then ſhall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchaſe Diſtempers? Earthquake, Storm, War, ſweep not half ſo many, as Diſeaſes which we, knowingly, contract by Careleſneſs, and Exceſs. Women, as they are leſs ſubject to Pains of Mind, are more ſubject to Pains of the Body than Men, to ballance the Account.

HE that is infirm, dies daily, and loſes all the Pleaſure of *Life*: He that knows no Infirmities, obſerves not the Lapſe of Time, grows old unawares, and is unprepar'd for *Death*: But ſuppoſe a Man has Health, and Wiſdom too, how many find in their *Tempers* an Enemy to Peace?

THE *Tempers* are, as I take it, leſſer *Paſſions*, or, various fainter *Shades*, or *Blendings* of Thoſe ſtrong *Colours* on the Soul of Man. The *Gloomy*, *Peeviſh*, *Sanguine*, *Phlegmatick*, *Good-*

natur'd, *Impatient*, *Improvident*, *Wary*, *Haughty*, *Remitting*, *Courteous*, *Arrogant*, *Suſpicious*, *Refining*, *Reſerved*, *Affable*, *Fearleſs*, *Timid*, *Modeſt*, *Proud*, *Delicate*, and *Inſenſible* Temper, have all their peculiar Evils.

A *gloomy* Temper ſurveys every Thing in the worſt Light, and can diſcover no Bleſſings.

A *peeviſh* Temper quarrels with the Bleſſings it diſcovers, with its Friends, itſelf; and defeats the Labour of Providence for its Satisfaction.

THE *Sanguine* overſhoots; the *Phlegmatick* deſponds; the *Mild* tempts Inſults; the *Cholerick* is its own Tormentor.

IF a Man is *Good-natur'd*, his Friends devour him; if not, his Foes.

THE *Impatient* feels as much Uneaſineſs from the ſlow Approach of Pleaſure, as Others from the Deſpair of it.

TO the *Thoughtleſs*, and *Improvident*, the *Surprize* of every Diſappointment doubles its Pain.

TO the *Wary*, and *Foreboding*, the conſtant Expectation of Calamity, is a Calamity itſelf.

IF a Man is *Haughty*, and too tender of his Honour, he gives the Power of hurting him to every Wretch that can ſhew Diſreſpect: And who cannot? If He is remiſs, and negligent of Reſpect, Men will withhold *real Services*, becauſe their *Ceremonial* was not ſufficiently welcome; He loſes the Subſtance, becauſe he will not catch at the Shadow. But *Forms* are more than Shadows, they are the Robe, and Defence of *Realitys*, which will ever run a Hazard when we throw them off.

THE *very Courteous* leſſen their Favours by giving them the Appearance of a Debt, thro' their frequent Profeſſions of Kindneſs: The Favours of an *arrogant* Man are received unthankfully; becauſe, through too great a Concioufneſs of them, he is his own Pay-Maſter. And yet he who does not ſometimes aſſert his own Merit, will ſoon have painful Suſpicions that the *Former* is in the Right.

THE

THE *Suſpicious*, in ſome Meaſure, juſtify thoſe Injuries, they *expect*. A Perſon of ſmall Merit is anxiouſly *jealous* of Imputions on his Honour, becauſe he knows his Title is *weak*; one of great Merit turbidly reſents them, becauſe he knows his Title is *ſtrong*.

THE *Refining* Temper is expreſly a *Maker of Evils*: Not to be obliged by Superiors, It conſtrues an Injury; to be obliged by Inferiors, an Affront. To have its Wants relieved, It conſtrues an Affectation of Superiority in its Benefactor; not to have them relieved, a Contempt. It can work Wonders to its own Diſadvantage, and make a *Look*, or *Geſture*, it diſapproves, a ſerious Misfortune.

Reſerve may procure Reſpect, but it gives a Diſpoſition to Hatred; becauſe That Reſpect is involuntary, and as it were, extorted; and we hate every Thing that invades the Freedom of our Choice.

Affability procures Good-will, but may give a Diſpoſition to Contempt; becauſe it gives us cheaply that which we deſire, and the Difficulty of the Attainment enhances the Value of Things.

A *Fearleſs* Temper impairs our Caution, and makes us careleſs of Exerting our utmoſt Strength: A *Timid*, gives our *Underſtanding* the ſtrongeſt Arguments for exerting our Strength, but at the ſame Time enfeebles the Heart in the Execution of what appears ſo reaſonable.

A *Native Modeſty* in Men may conciliate *Love* from the *Many*, but forbids *Eſteem* from the *Wiſe*: Becauſe with Them no Act has Merit, but what has Choice; and theſe *chuſe* not Modeſty by their *Reaſon*, but *ſuffer* it from their *Conſtitutions*.

Proud Men are apt to be injurious, becauſe it is a *Mark* of Superiority: They ſtrike more through Vanity, than Malice; but then, as it is a *Mark*, it is a Mutulation of Superiority too. For it throws down our Reſpect for them, which is a conſiderable Support of it.

Too *great* a Senſibility creates Pain, where by Nature it is not; too *little* perceives not Bleſſings where they are: And there is a too great Senſibility from *Fortune*, as well as *Temper*: *Rank* gives ſome Perſons ſuch a Delicacy, that they have a Set of Inquietudes entirely their own, the Prerogative of their high Station, to which their Inferiors muſt not preſume to pretend. If *Humour*, and *Paſſion* are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? Which leads me to

The ſixth and laſt Conſideration, the *Paſſions* of Men.

An Account of the *Paſſions* is properly a Hiſtory of the *Active* Part of the Soul, as an Account of the *Underſtanding* is of the *Contemplative*. They may be conſider'd as ſo many *Standard-Bearers*, round each of which many Miſchiefs are rang'd in array againſt us, and lay waſt the Tranquility of Human Life. They have by Others been conſider'd *Phyſically*, as they conſtitute Part of our Nature; *Morally*, as they influence Virtue and Vice; and *Rhetorically*, with regard to Compoſition; But I do not know that they have been conſider'd in a Syſtem, or with any Accuracy as the *Pains*, and *Promoters of the Pains* of Life. In this View I ſhall ſpeak of them, with as much Light, and Diſtinction, as I can. It is the Paſſions that give the *perpetual Motion* to Human Life, that roll us from Place to Place, from Object to Object, nor will the Grave it ſelf afford them Reſt.

FIRST, *Anger*. 'Tis elegantly ſay'd, *the King's Anger is as a Roaring Lyon*, which Deſcription of it, is confin'd to Kings, only as to its Efficacy; it is as *ſtrong*, tho' not as *ſucceſsful* in other Men. By a King it is let looſe into the large Field of Power, in others it bites the Bars that confine it, and in both it laſhes it ſelf. This ſhows it to be a *Pain*; and it likewiſe proceeds from Pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has receiv'd an Injury in himſelf, or *His*; for which he is, firſt, Grieved. So that Anger may be call'd the Daughter of *Sorrow*, and the Mother of *Revenge*, which often has fatal Conſequences. Thus this Paſſion has *paſt*, *preſent*, and *future* Pains belonging to it.

ANGER is frequent; for among Enemies it is the *natural* Habit of the Mind; and where are not Enemies? Among Friends, it is *unnatural*, and therefore when it happens, more tormenting.

ANGER has under its Banner, *Invective*, *Aſſault*, *Ruin*, and *Death*.

AS Pride is *predominant* in Man, the principal Cauſe of Anger is Diſreſpect; the Queſtion therefore is, if the angry Man acts not againſt his own ſupream Purpoſe: If Anger is *impotent*, That is a Blow directly on his *Pride*; If it ſucceeds by unworthy Means, That is a Blow on his general Character. Anger therefore is not only an Evil it ſelf, proceeding *from*, and leading *to* Evil, but, often, to the very Evil it would moſt avoid. It falls on its own Sword.

TWO Sorts of Men are moſt ſubject to this Paſſion; Men of *Felicity*, and Men of *Affliction*. One becauſe their *Expectations* are high, the other becauſe their *Uneaſineſſes* are many. The *Firſt* make their Superiority their Anxiety, counterballancing by their own Reſentment, the *Favours* of Nature, and Fortune; the *Second* inflame the *Severities* of them both.

ALLY'D to Anger is *Hatred*, which is a laſting Anger; now Hatred is always accompany'd with Diſguſt, and Diſguſt is Pain.

ALLY'D to Hatred are *Contempt*, and *Abhorrence*; Contempt is Hatred without Fear, but it is *Hatred*, and therefore Pain. *Abhorrence* is Hatred with Fear, and therefore its Pain is double.

Invective indeed eaſes the Heart, as a Diſcharge the Stomach, but It alſo proves it very ſick before.

I DO not deny that there is ſuch a Thing as a malicious *Pleaſure*, but I affirm it is a Pleaſure like that of violent ſcratching, or ſtriking our ſelves in ſome Diſpoſitions; It ſuppoſes a Diſtemper, and leaves a Wound, both in our Reputation, and our Peace.

SECONDLY, *Love*. By Love I mean not the Deſire of what is *Uſeful*, or *Honeſt*, but more particularly of what is *Pleaſant*.

With

With *Philoſophers* it includes the *two Former*, with the *World* it is often limited to the *Laſt*. It implies Diſcontent, that is *Pain*, for he that deſires, is diſſatisfy'd with his preſent Condition, be it what it will. And the Pain is in Proportion to the Deſire.

Love has under its Banner, *Watching*, *Sickneſs*, *Abaſement*, *Adulation*, *Perjury*, *Jealouſie*; and ſometimes It liſts *Anger's* moſt dreadful Followers; the only difference is, *there* they are ſtanding Troops, *here* caſual Recruits; there, they are *Voluntiers*, here, they are *Preſſed* occaſionally into the Service; for they do not *naturally* belong to Love.

To ſay the leaſt to the Diſadvantage of this Paſſion. It is putting your Peace in the Power of *another*, which is rarely ſafe even in your own.

There are *Two* Things, I think, *peculiar* to this Paſſion, and what makes them more remarkable, is, they ſeem ſomewhat inconſiſtent. *One* is our *Deſire* of it; the *Other* is a Condition That makes it not to be Deſired. As to the *1ſt*, we don't ſeek, nay we avoid Occaſions of *Anger*, *Hatred*, *Fear*, *Shame*, or *Envy*, but we ſeek Occaſions of *Love*. As to the *2d*, Love is all the Paſſions in one: It is *Anger* that it *can not*, *Shame* that it *does not*, *Fear* that it *ſhall not* enjoy its Object; It is *Envy* of, and *Hatred* to, thoſe that poſſibly may. For *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Suſpicion* form Loves conſtant Companion *Jealouſie*, which therefore ſtings deeper than either of them, becauſe it is All. Now as many Paſſions as Love has, ſo many Pains. Be it therefore a Maxim, He that was never *Pain'd*, never *Lov'd*.

But tho' this Paſſion has Pains, leads it not to *Pleaſures?* It *may* fail of them, and then 'tis *Deſpair*, which is moſt terrible; If it attains them, they may not be laſting; For moſt Pleaſures, like Flowers, when gather'd, die.

THIRDLY, *Fear* is a moſt diſmal Paſſion; a Mind haunted with Fear is a hideous Night-Piece of Storm, Precipice, Ruins, Tombs, and Apparitions; It is not content with the Compaſs of Nature, as if too ſcanty for Evil, but creates new Worlds for Calamity; Things that are not. But *very timorous* Natures only ſuffers

ſuffer to this Degree; and it is well they do not; For *ſuch a Fear* alone is capable of taking in an ample Vengeance of an Incens'd God. Inſomuch that ſome have thought that Hell conſiſted in the ſevere Extremity of this Paſſion only.

All, that Fear, have proportionable *Pain.* It is an Anticipation of Evil; and has under its Banner, *Confuſion*, *Supplication*, *Servility*, *Amazement*, and *Self-Deſertion* particularly.

For I think it a *Peculiarity* of *Fear* that it defeats its own Purpoſe more than any of the Paſſions. *Anger* ſtrikes, and if unſucceſsfully, it only looſes a Blow; *Love* purſues, and if unſucceſsfully, it only looſes a ſingle Purſuit; *Fear* makes us fly, but makes us ſtumble too, and the more precipitate our Flight, the farther are we from an Eſcape. Hence ſays the Holy Scripture, *It betrays the Succours of Reaſon*, meaning, that it betrays it more than any other Paſſion, for all betray it in ſome Degree.

Fears are the *Sheilds* of Life; but if they are too many, they are an Oppreſſion, and like the Maid at the *Capitol*, we periſh under them.

Fears we have many, but there is *but one that came from Heaven*, (as the *Romans* fabled of their Ancile,) which is the Fear of God; *All the reſt are Falſe*; and This ſevenfold Shield will ſave us from them: A Falling World can not affright Him, whom That Shield has under its Protection.

FOURTHLY, There is alſo *Falſe Shame*; When thro' an Affectation of the Eſteem of bad Men, we are aſham'd of what God approves; or if aſham'd of what is truly ſhameful, we are aſham'd with regard to Men, not God. The *Firſt* is Blaſphemy in thought; or ſuch a Thought, as if expreſs'd in Words, would be Blaſphemous. The *Second* is Sacriledge, giving God's Due to Man. This is a Shame to be aſham'd of; and *contrary* to the Apoſtle's *Repentance not to be repented of*, for Shame is a Repentance, or ſomething very like it.

Shame is a Senſe of Eſtimation impair'd, and of our ſinking in the Opinion of *Men*; I wiſh I could add of *God* too; for Men are not aſham'd of *Injuſtice*, or *Prophaneneſs*, at the ſame Time that they bluſh for an Omiſſion in *Faſhion*, or *Complaiſance:* Nay I wiſh they are not often *Proud* of the *Former*; now Pride is *Shame*'s

Reverſe. Now as ſhining in the Opinion of others is the ſupream Aim of almoſt all, *Shame* muſt be exceeding *Painful*, as it implies the Loſs, or Diminution of their greateſt fancy'd Good. Beſides, every Man, while he is *aſham'd* wiſhes his Condition *alter'd*, which no Man does that is happy under it.

Shame has under its Banner, *Self-Condemnation*, *Puſilanimity*, *Regret*, *Lying*, *Confuſion of Face*.

Which Laſt puts me in Mind of what I take to be *Peculiarities* of this Paſſion. Which are Three. 1ſt, Other Paſſions fly *to* Men for Redreſs of their Grievances, This flies *from* them: *Anger* flies to ſtrike, *Love* to embrace, *Fear* for Shelter; But Shame flies from all Men, and makes an Eye as ſharp as a Sword. Shame's bad Eſtate is ſeen in this, that its Hope, and Felicity runs ſo low as to make *Night*, and *Oblivion*, which are the Terror of others, a Wiſh, a Joy; *Fallere & Effugere eſt Triumphus*. So that it robs Man of one of his moſt Eſſential good Qualities, that of his being a *ſociable* Creature.

2dly, *Shame* has a more Infallible *Mark* fix'd on it by Nature, than any of the reſt, I mean Bluſhes. I take the Reaſon of which to be, that this Paſſion *neceſſarily* ſuppoſes *Guilt*. Which is not the Caſe of any of the Paſſions beſide, except Envy, which is generally mark'd with *Paleneſs*, as Shame with the Contrary. Shame, I ſay, neceſſarily ſuppoſes Guilt. For none are aſham'd but on one of theſe Three Accounts. 1ſt, Becauſe They are *directly* Guilty. 2dly, Becauſe they want ſome Merit they ought to have. 3dly, Becauſe they ſuffer ſome Indignity. Now the Want of proper Merit proceeds generally from *Omiſſions*; ſuffering Indignities, from *Sloth*, or *Cowardice*; And all theſe are *Vicious*. But Men are ſometimes aſhamed of *Virtue*. True; but then they conſider That Virtue as a Fault, in the Eyes of Thoſe before whom they are aſham'd of it: Beſides, then, it does not only *ſuppoſe*, but *is* Guilt.

3dly, *Lying*. This is the Falſe Cover of *Falſe* Shame; for True or proper Shame has Regard to God, and who *dares*, who *can* lye to Him? For we can not lye to any Purpoſe, but to Fallible Beings. Now as *falſe* Shame is lying eternally, tho' the Perſon ſubject to it is aſham'd without Reaſon *at firſt*,

He

He is ſure to have ample Reaſon for Shame *in the End*; and conſequently He will be *Pain'd* without juſt Cauſe, and with it too.

FIFTHLY, *Envy*. This is the moſt *Deformed*, and moſt *Deteſtable* of all the Paſſions. A good Man may be *Angry*, or *Aſham'd*, may *Love*, or *Fear*; but a good Man can not *Envy*. For all other Paſſions ſeek *Good*, but *Envy Evil*. All other Paſſions propoſe *Advantages* to themſelves; Envy ſeeks the *Detriment* of Others. *They* therefore are *Human*, *This Diabolical*. *Anger* ſeeks Vengeance for an Injury; an Injury in Fortune, or Perſon, or Honour; But Envy pretends no Injuries, and yet has an Appetite for Vengeance; *Love* ſeeks the Poſſeſſion of *Good*, *Fear* the flight of *Evil*, but Envy neither; All her Good is the Diſadvantage of Another. Hence it is moſt Deteſtable; and becauſe moſt Deteſtable, therefore

2dly, MOST *Deformed*. For it is the moſt *Deteſtable*, becauſe the leaſt *Natural*, and what is leaſt Natural works in us the moſt diſadvantageous and deforming Effects. We muſt be ſometimes *Angry*, we muſt *Love*, and *Fear*, and be *Aſhamed* by the Neceſſity of our Nature, and there are juſt Occaſions for them all. But no Neceſſity of our Nature obliges us to *Envy*, nor is there any juſt Occaſion for it. For all Men are unhappy, only we know not where their Uneaſineſs lies; therefore there is no *Natural* Occaſion for Envy; and that there ſhould be a *Moral* one is a Contradiction; for the Happier Others are, the more we ſhould rejoice. As therefore neither our *Nature*, nor *Reaſon* requires Envy, it is properly *Unnatural*, and becauſe Unnatural, it works ſuch terrible Effects in us. How Pale, Keen, Inhuman, and Emaciated is it's Look, if the undeſerved Indulgence of Conſtitution gets not the better of thoſe Effects? Now all theſe are Demonſtrations of its extream *Pain*.

MEN of Imagination therefore have been fond of this Subject, as Painters, Poets, Hiſtorians, for the Imagination delights in *Extreams*; and nothing is more terrible than their Deſcriptions of it, but the Thing it ſelf. *A chearful Heart does good like a Medicine*, but Envy corrodes like a Poiſon; It is ſo ſharp, that it cuts the Body which ſheaths it. Nay it is thought by ſome, actually to ſend forth its

Virulence; to ſit Viſible in the Eyes, and wound its Object. Of this Opinion ſeems our greateſt *Engliſh* Philoſopher, who aſſigns Phyſical Reaſons why Perſons in *Joy*, and *Triumph*, are moſt liable to receive this Venom than Others. What a Wretch muſt the Quiver of ſuch Arrows be? Such is the *Pain* of Envy, that it made the two Greateſt, and Braveſt Men that ever liv'd, Weep; It made them ſhed Tears, but not of Compaſſion, though over the Monuments of the Dead.

Compaſſion is troubled at Others Evil, *Envy* at Others Good. *Indignation* is troubled that the Unworthy proſper, *Envy* that Meritorious proſper alſo. *Emulation* is troubled for its own *Wants*, *Envy* for the Enjoyments of Others. Nay it principally maligns Thoſe who deſerve the greateſt Praiſe, (*viz.*) *New Men*, the Makers of their own Fame, and Fortune. For Riſing Glory occaſions the greateſt Envy, as Kindling Fires the greateſt Smoak. In a Word, It is the Reverſe of *Charity*; and as That is the ſupream Source of *Pleaſure*, ſo This of *Pain*. This gathers Pain, as That gathers Pleaſure from all the Felicities that happen to Mankind. Nor is It only *Painful*, but *Ignominious*. The moſt Imperfect, and Puſilanimous are moſt ſubject to it; The *Firſt*, becauſe their Field for Envy is largeſt; The *Second*, becauſe, through Miſtake, what is Little *appears* Great to *them*; And therefore the proper Object of Envy.

Its *Peculiarities* I take to be, 1ſt, That is ſeeks not, (as the Other Paſſions,) Good, but Evil. 2dly, That This is *Laſting*, The Others *Short*. We are Angry, or Aſhamed, we Love, or Fear, for a Day, or Year; but we Envy for *Life*; and I look on it to be the moſt Univerſal Source of Unhappineſs on Earth.

It has under its Banner, *Hatred*, *Calumny*, *Treachery*, *Cabal*, with the *Meagerneſs of Famine*, *Venom of Peſtilence*, and *Rage of War*.

Nor are the *Good*, and *Pleaſurable* Paſſions without their Inconveniences, and Inquietudes, which is a Subject Hitherto, I believe, unhandled. *Compaſſion*, *Indignation*, *Emulation*, *Hope*, nay and *Joy* itſelf if fairly examined, will prove This true, without any Refinement, or Affectation of Novelty in the Attempt.

FIRST,

FIRST, *Compaſſion*, while it has others Miſery in its *Eye*, It has its own in its *Apprehenſion*; and is ſtruck with a quick Senſe of the *Obnoxious* Condition of Human Nature. Hence is it evident, that *Fear*, and *Sorrow*, are included in it; and can there be *Fear*, and *Sorrow* without Pain?

THOUGH I know it is Diſputed, I venture to affirm, That our *Compaſſion* for Others, is accompanied with a Concern for our Selves. And I am perſuaded of This, from conſidering the Perſons who are *moſt*, and who are *leaſt* inclined to *Compaſſion*.

THE *leaſt Inclined* are the *moſt Confirmed in*, or the *moſt Loſt to* Happineſs. The *Firſt* are not Compaſſionate, becauſe moſt *ſecure*; the *Second*, becauſe they have *felt the worſt*. Little *ſelf-concern* being mov'd by the miſerable Object in Theſe Men, Little *Compaſſion* is mov'd by it too.

THE *moſt Inclined* to it are the *Timid*, and *Thoſe who have Wives, Children, and Relations*. The *Firſt* becauſe They are moſt liable to fear for themſelves; the *Second* becauſe they afford Misfortune the largeſt Mark.

AND all are more compaſſionate toward their Equals in Age, Fortune, Birth, Qualifications, or Manners, than others; becauſe the Misfortunes of ſuch are a more direct Alarm of Fear for themſelves.

SECONDLY, *Indignation*. This is a Juſt, and Noble Paſſion, and none but the Noble-Minded feel it. It is a generous Zeal for Right, an Heroick, and laudable Anger for the Proſperity of Undeſervers. An Anger therefore Foreign to the Unworthy, Baſe, and Profligate, who can conceive no Reſentment that Men like themſelves proſper. This elevated Paſſion has ſometimes a ſeverer Pang than is conſiſtent with Life. *Cato* died of it. He thought no Man worthy to triumph over Liberty, and *Rome*. And That violent Deportment ſhown at his *Death*, which has, Hitherto, been wrongfully imputed to a Ferocity of *Temper*, was, I think, owing to This accidental *Paſſion*, which was the *Cauſe of his* Death; This Fever, This noble Inflammation of Mind, This Indignation for *Cæſar*'s unjuſt Succeſs. This Conjecture clears his Character in *that Reſpect*, and makes it more conſiſtent with that Humanity which he,

in

in a peculiar Manner, manifeſted on many Occaſions in his laudable Life, which was worthy our Emulation, though his Death was Deteſtable at the beſt.

THIRDLY, *Emulation* is an Exalted, and Glorious Paſſion, Parent of moſt Excellencies in Human Life. It is Enamour'd of all Virtue, and Accompliſhment; its generous *Food* is Praiſe; its ſublime *Profeſſion* Tranſcendency; and the *Life* it pants after is Immortality. It kindles at all that is Illuſtrious; and as it were, lights its Torch at the Sun. *Envy* ſeeks Others Evil, *Emulation* its own Good; *Envy* repines at Excellence *without* Imitation; *Emulation* Imitates, and rejoices in it. We *Envy* often what we *can not* arrive at, we Emulate nothing but what we *can*, or think at leaſt *we can* attain. Hence the *Young* and *Magnanimous* are moſt inflam'd with Emulation, and Emulation rather of Glory, and Virtue, than of the Goods of the *Body*, or *Fortune*, till the World effaces Nature's firſt Impreſſions. "*Hæc imitamini*, "ſays Tully, *per Deos immortales, hæc Ampla ſunt, hæc Di-* "*vina, hæc Immortalia, hæc Fama celebrantur, monumentis* "*Annalium mandantur, Poſteritati propagantur.*

BUT tho' Emulation is the Purſuit of the moſt Amiable Things, and that by Perſons moſt amiable too, it can not Eſcape; It can not eſcape in a bad World, where Men judge of others by themſelves, being miſtaken for *Envy*, and being Treated accordingly. For it has, ſometimes, ſuch a Degree of Reſemblance as to give the *Weak* Occaſion of Error, and the *Malicious* of Excuſe. Thus it falls *Alieno Vulnere*; not to mention its own natural *Pain*, which is at leaſt as uneaſy to the Soul, as extream Thirſt is to the Body. *Hope* and *Fear* play the Heart of *Emulation* with Violence; It has its Throbs, its Paleneſs, and Trembling, when carry'd to an Height.

Exultantiaque haurit
Corda Pavor pulſans, Laudumque arrecta Cupido.

FOURTHLY, *Hope*, and *Joy*. *Hope* feels the Stings of Impatience, which is often ſo vehemently Eager, that falling from it into the *Deſpair* of its End, is ſometimes a ſenſible Eaſe to the Mind. *Joy* if moderate, ſcarce breaks thro' the General Diſquiet of Life;

If

If Immoderate it is a Fever, a Tumult, a Gay Dilirium, a *Tranſport*; which ſignifies a Man's being beſide, or beyond himſelf; and he that is not in Poſſeſſion of himſelf, can but ill be ſaid to be in Poſſeſſion of any thing elſe: Joy in this Caſe, goes beyond its Bounds, into an Enemy's Country, and becomes a *Pain*; as its Tears abundantly teſtify. Nor has it Tears only, but it is ſometimes *Mortal.*

HENCE ſome, nay moſt Philoſophers, have plac'd our *Chief Good* in Serenity, or Indolence, but this is a Miſtake. Indolence or Reſt is inconſiſtent with our Nature, and not to be found in Heaven it ſelf, but in a *Comparative* Senſe. On the Contrary, our Heaven will conſiſt in a Pleaſing Motion, a Delightful Exertion, a Tranſporting Progreſs to all Eternity. *Annihilation* is the only *Reſt* for Man. What therefore we are to aim at, I ſhall ſhew in my *Second* Diſcourſe.

TO conclude on the *Paſſions.* We conſiſt of Soul and Body; the Paſſions are the Wants of the Soul, as the Appetites may be call'd the Paſſions of the Body. So that we are made up of *Wants*, that is of *Pains.* Who is almoſt ever free from one Paſſion, or another? And as Paſſions are the Pains (from which they take their very Name) ſo are they the Deſtroyers too, of our Nature. They *pain* the whole Soul, they *confound* the Memory, *make wild* the Imagination, and *hurt* the Underſtanding, like Ebriety, which they reſemble in their Natural, and Moral ill Conſequences. And becauſe they injure the Body alſo, therefore has the *Phyſician*, as well as *Moraliſt*, to do with them; and interdicts them to all thoſe who deſire Length of Days. Nay they are more Terrible than that Death which they haſten; for many have fled to *That* from the Torment of them. It ſeems *ſtrangeſt*, at firſt Sight, that *Fear*, of all the Paſſions, ſhould put on this Appearance of Courage; but it is ſo far from it, in reality, that no *Other Paſſion* ever arrived at Suicide, but through the Suggeſtion of This Trembler, *Fear.* Men die becauſe they *Fear* Life under its preſent Ills; Whereas *True Valour* meets thoſe Ills, whatever they are, with the ſame Reſolution, with which *They* meet Death.

Their

Their Cowardice ſhews a Pale, feeble Valour, as Darkneſs ſhews the Moon; but *That* Valour is nothing compar'd to the *True*, as the Moon is nothing by Day.

If this Account of the Paſſions be juſt, let us turn them againſt themſelves; Let us be Angry with *Anger*, aſhamed of *Shame*, afraid of *Fear*, pity *Envy*, and moderate our Fondneſs for *Love*. For Some are ſo Idle, Ridiculous, Shameleſs, as to court the Paſſion itſelf; and at a Time too when They have the leaſt Probability of Succeſs. *Love*, according to the different Objects it Embraces, like a *Woman Eſpouſed*, changes its Name, and becomes *Voluptuouſneſs*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, or *Vanity*. Thoſe Four predominant Impulſes that divide Mankind between them; That beat on us like the Four Winds of Heaven, and keep the reſtleſs World in a perpetual Storm.

On this common Subject I ſhall endeavour to throw ſome new Light, by ſhewing that They all act directly counter to their own Purpoſes, and are the *Reverſe* to that which they pretend to.

1ſt, The *Voluptuous*: Can this Man be *unhappy*, whoſe ſole Aim is *Pleaſure?* whoſe *Study* is the *Art*, whoſe *Life* is the Chaſe of Delight? He may, he is, nay, he *muſt* be ſo; becauſe his *Imagination* promiſes much more than *Senſe* is able to pay. Hence, he is always *diſappointed*; but, through Ignorance or Negligence of the Cauſe of it, though always *diſappointed*, he is always *expecting*; and repeated Experience ſerves only to *upbraid*, not *correct* his Conduct. And it muſt be ſo; for as every new Scene of Voluptuouſneſs is a new *Light* to his Underſtanding, to ſhew the Inſufficiency of *thoſe Scenes* to his Happineſs; ſo is it alſo a new *Blow* to his Underſtanding, and the Rectitude of his Will, and weakens his Power of reſiſting *Them*. Hence is he reduced to the wretched State of eternally *purſuing*, and eternally *condemning* the ſame Things; than which, nothing more ſevere could be impoſed by the greateſt Tyrant, and greateſt Foe. 'Tis not in vigorous Health, boundleſs Fortune, unreſtrained Liberty, or that Liberty improv'd by Skill and Experience into an *Art of Debauchery*, to give him Satisfaction, nay, *not* to give him Inquietude, though *Virtue*, though *Reaſon* did not interpoſe: The

Body

Body only would find out the Vanity, the Tedeum, the bad Effect of Voluptuouſneſs, and bare *Inſtinct* would reproach him with it. His *paſt* gives Regret, his *preſent* diſſatisfies, and his *future* deceives: His *Imagination* impoſes on his *Senſes*; his *Senſes* weaken, and vex his *Underſtanding*; and his Underſtanding cenſures them both: *They* perſiſt, *That* grows peeviſh, and impotent. Thus the divided Man, like a divided Family, is the Seat of Miſery, and Object of Contempt.

With regard to the chief Branch of Senſuality, and its fatal Conſequences, it may be truly ſaid, that nothing is more ſtinging than a bad *Woman's Hatred*, except her *Careſſes*; nothing is more to be declined than her *Deformity*, except her *Charms*. But as for a Good Woman, *Her Price is beyond Gold. She is a Pillar of Reſt.*

The *Man of Pleaſure*, as the Phraſe is, is the moſt Ridiculous of all Beings; He travels, indeed, with his Ribbon, Plume, and Bells; his Dreſs, and his Muſick, but through a Toilſome, and Beaten Road; and every Day nauſeouſly repeats the ſame Tract. Throw an Eye into the gay World, what ſee we, for the moſt Part, but a ſet of Querulous, Ematiated, Fluttering, Phantaſtical Beings, worn out in the keen Purſuit of Pleaſure; Creatures that *Know*, *Own*, *Condemn*, *Deplore*, yet ſtill *purſue* their own Infelicity? The decay'd *Monuments* of Error! The thin *Remains* of what is call'd Delight!

In a Word, to ſuppoſe *Senſe* alone can make a Man happy, is to ſuppoſe *Reaſon* ſuperfluous, which is blaſphemous, and abſurd: But Senſuality brings ſuch a Groſſneſs on the Underſtanding, that this Argument will not be ſo much as *comprehended* by thoſe who have the greateſt Need of being *affected* by it. Now the Cauſe of their not comprehending it, is their total Inexperience, and Ignorance of the Pleaſures of *Reaſon*: Which Ignorance proves this gay, this gallant Creature, this *Patron* of Pleaſures, and *Profeſſor* of Delight, (what he little ſuſpects) in Reality the greateſt *Niggard* in Enjoyment, the greateſt *Self-denier* in the World.

SECONDLY, *Ambition.* Voluptuouſneſs has its Intervals: When *Senſe* is ſatisfied, it pauſes for the Revival of its Flame; like *Eruptions*, it rages, and reſts by Turns: But Ambition, like a *Conflagration*, burns on inceſſant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the ſtronger is its Fury. *Succeſs* but ſets it new Tasks, and is as ſevere to the Ambitious, as *Misfortune* to other Men. Every Difficulty he cuts off, ſeven riſe in its Stead; ſo that the *Character* of the moſt ambitious Man that ever liv'd, is a proper *Motto* for all his Sons, whoſe Sport, like the *Leviathan's*, makes a Tempeſt, and is the Ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid ſupereſſet agendum.* That is, It is their Maxim, *To know no Reſt.* How differs then *Ambition* from *Slavery?* As ſevere *Exerciſe* from hard *Labour*; The Thing is the ſame, only *here* it is Neceſſity, and *there* it is Choice; that is, there it is *Wretchedneſs*, and *Folly* too.

THE *Ambitious* thinks all Happineſs is deriv'd from *Compariſon*, and that Higheſt, and Happieſt is the ſame Thing: Nor knows that to be *high*, is not always to be *happy*; but to be *happy*, is always, and truly to be *high.* If his Notion is right, how have the Wiſeſt of all Ages, and all Nations been miſtaken? Either they have perſever'd in an eternal, and obſtinate Error, in aſſerting *Content* to be Happineſs, or he is not happy at all; for Ambition imports an Abſence, nay, a Diſdain of *Content:* And indeed it has the Glory, if 'tis a Glory, of being far from it. Diſapointment in ſmall Things, gives the Ambitious no ſmall Anxiety; Succeſs in great, no great Satisfaction, becauſe there remain ſtill greater Things than Theſe; and while his Heart burns at ſome mighty Point in View, it robs him of the Reliſh of thoſe conſiderable Enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meaneſt of her Children. The *Spring* has no *Beauty*, the *Autumn* has no *Taſte*; much leſs has *Wiſdom*, or *Religion.* He is not altogether incapable of Repenting of Religion, and thinking his Prayers a Loſs of Time. Too juſt, I fear, is this Obſervation, which makes a Paſſage in *Ariſtotle* extreamly remarkable, who recount-

recoũnting the Vices incident to the great Men of his Age, ſays, " *Indevotion* was not one of them, but that they were addicted to " the Worſhip of the Gods, on account of the Riches which they " had receiv'd from them." But to return, The Violence of the ambitious Man's Deſires ſets him at a Diſtance from himſelf; he is never at Home to the preſent Hour, but reaching, and gaſping at Joys to come; all in Poſſeſſion is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent Affection for thoſe Objects he purſues? To a ſtrenuous Endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as faſt as he can; that is, He ſeeks at once to *gain* a Bleſſing, and to *deſtroy* it; nor in This only does the Ambitious appear to thwart his own Purpoſes, as will appear immediately.

But Firſt, let us obſerve that he can not be extreamly Happy in the *very Exerciſe* of his Dominion, that fulleſt Guſt of all his Deſires; when He ſtands ſurrounded with many Circles of expecting, anxious Beings; the whole Neſt gaping-wide, while he can allay the Cravings but of Few. He has not Morſels for them all. If he has any Humanity, it muſt touch it, to ſee himſelf beſieg'd with eager Viſages, ſecret Pains, repining Hearts, diſappointed Hopes, that will ſtrike deep into the Peace of Families, and carry Diſtreſs beyond his *Knowledge*, and *perhaps* his *Conception* of it. Or if theſe Stings of his Fellow-Creatures touch him not, He is ſtill *more* to be pity'd.

Seek not of the Lord Preheminence, neither of the King the Seat of Honour. But call in the Waves of thy Deſire climbing over one another for ever, bid thy proud Heart be ſtill, and ſay to it, Hitherto ſhalt Thou go, and no farther: And let it, at leaſt, have the Bounds of the Ocean, as well as the Tumult of it.

Among *Ambition's Temporal* Evils (for of thoſe only I ſpeak) muſt be number'd the Terribleneſs of its Fall, which the Scripture ſets in the ſtrongeſt Light. It ſhews it in a Flame of Eloquence: In its Stile of Denunciation againſt it, It ſhakes Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and ſhall it not ſhake the Heart of Man? Give me Leave to ſet down at large, One remarkable Inſtance of *This*, collected from the Scriptures.

I SHALL place the *Woe of Babylon* in this Order. God's *Threatning*, His *Word of Command*, The *Execution*, The *Reflection*, The *Conſequence*, The *Triumph*.

The Threatning, or Alarm. " O EARTH! Earth! Earth! hear the " Word of the Lord, who is cloathed in a " Veſture dip'd in Blood, and out of his Mouth goeth a " ſharp two Edged Sword, and his Countenance ſhineth " as the Sun in his Strength. Put your ſelves in Array a- " gainſt *Babylon*, round about: O Thou *moſt Proud!* be- " hold I am againſt Thee. Thou haſt harden'd thy Heart " in Pride. Thou haſt provoked the Eyes of my Glory. " Though Thou ſhouldſt mount up to Heaven, and for- " tify the Height of thy Strength; Though thou ſhouldſt " exalt thy ſelf as an Eagle, and build thy Neſt among the " Stars, I will bring Thee down. O how Lofty are thy " Eyes? O Thou who dwelleſt on many Waters! Abun- " dant in Treaſure! Thy End is come. There ſhall be " *Time* no longer with Thee. I have the Keys of *Hell*, and " of *Death*. Though Thou art a Fair Cedar of *Lebanon*, " Though the Fowls of Heaven make their Neſt in thy " Boughs, and under thy Shadow dwell all great Nati- " ons, and thy Roots drink many Rivers, and all the Trees " of the Garden of God envy the Multitude of thy Branch- " es, Thou ſhalt be but a fading Flower. I will tread " the Winepreſs of the Fierceneſs, and Wrath of Almighty " God. Wherefore Glorieſt Thou thy ſelf in thy Vallies, " thy flowing Vallies, Thou back-ſliding Daughter? Though " thou filleſt the Face of the World with Cities, though Thou " cloatheſt

" cloatheſt thy ſelf with Crimſon, and deckeſt Thee with Or-
" naments of Gold, and thy Face with Painting; in vain Thou
" makeſt thy ſelf Fair, thy Lovers ſhall ſeek thy Life. The
" Ambaſſadors of Peace ſhall weep bitterly. Woe to the
" Multitude that makes a Noiſe, like the Noiſe of the Seas,
" and to the Ruſhing of Nations, like the Ruſhing of many
" Waters. I will cauſe the Arrogancy of the Proud to ceaſe,
" and lay low the Haughtineſs of the Terrible. Though
" thou art as a Young Lion of the Nations, and as a
" Whale in the Seas, They ſhall bring Thee up in my Net.
" They ſhall ſet Thee a Bed in the midſt of the Slain; thy
" Graves ſhall be round about Thee: Becauſe thy Children
" are grown fat, as Heifers at Graſs, and bellow as Bulls.
" I will ſet my Terrors in Array againſt Thee, the Arrows
" of the Almighty ſhall be in Thee, They ſhall drink up
" thy Spirits. Though all People, Nations, and Langua-
" ges tremble before Thee, I will ſmite the Bow from thy
" Left-Hand, and the Arrows from thy Right. Give Wings
" to *Babylon* that ſhe may fly: In vain! the Lame ſhall take
" the Prey. I will lay thy Fleſh upon the Mountains, and fill
" the Vallies with thy Height. I will water with Blood the Land
" wherein thou ſwimeſt, the Rivers ſhall be full of Thee. The
" Beaſts of the Field, and the feather'd Fowl ſhall aſſemble
" to the Sacrifice on the Mountain; They ſhall eat the
" Fleſh, and drink the Blood of Princes; They ſhall be
" fill'd at my Table with Horſes, and Chariots, and mighty
" Men of War. Tho' Thou diggeſt into Hell, my Hand
" ſhall take Thee Thence; Though thou climbeſt up to
" Heaven, Thence will I bring Thee down; Though Thou
" hideſt in the bottom of the Sea, I will command my

" Ser-

" Serpent to bite Thee, There. I will ſend up many Hunt-
" ers againſt Thee, and they ſhall purſue Thee from Hill to
" Hill, from Mountain to Mountain, They ſhall roll Thee
" down the Rocks. Thou ſhalt not lift thy ſelf up in thy
" Brigandine, thy Tackling ſhall be looſed; Thou ſhalt not
" ſtrengthen the Maſt, nor ſpread the Sail; There is a Cry
" in the Ships, Though thy Shipboard is the Fir Tree of
" *Senir*, and thy Maſt the Cedar of *Lebanon*, thine Oars
" the Oak of *Baſhan*, and the *Aſhurites* have made thy
" Benches of Ivory; thy Sail fine Linnen with broidered
" Work from *Ægypt*, Blew, and Purple from the Iſles of
" *Eliſhah*; *Zidon*, and *Arvad* thy Mariners, and thy Pilots
" wiſe Men; Though they of *Perſia*, and *Lud* hang the
" Shield, and the Helmet upon thy Walls round about.
" Wilt Thou ſay before him that ſlayeth Thee, *I am a*
" *God?* And when in the Fire of my Wrath I put Thee out,
" I will cover the Heavens, and make the Stars dark; the
" Moon ſhall be confounded, and the Sun aſhamed; I will
" ſhake the Firmament, and the Earth ſhall be moved out
" of her Place; Hell from beneath ſhall be moved for Thee,
" to meet thy coming; It ſhall ſtir up the Dead, the chief
" ones of the Earth; and raiſe from their Thrones all the
" Kings of the Nations. The whole Creation ſhall groan!
" Thy Stars ſhall fall down round about Thee, and be
" ſtamped on the Earth.

The Words of Command. " THE Lord maketh his Arm Bare; He
" hath open'd his Armoury, and brought
" forth the Weapons of his Indignation; his glittering
" Spear, and his Shield, and his Chariots, from between

" two

" two Mountains, two Mountains of Braſs. The Peſtilence
" goeth before Him, and behind Him a flaming Fire.
" He cometh up like a Lion from the ſwelling of *Jordan*;
" In the Glory of his Majeſty He ariſeth to ſhake terribly
" the Earth. The Lord muſtereth the Hoſt to Battle.
" Lift ye up a Banner on the High Mountain! Exalt the
" Voice! Shake the Hand! Harneſs the Horſes! Get up the
" Horſemen! Stand forth with the Helmet! Put on the Bri-
" gandines! Prepare Thee! Stand faſt! Go into the Gates
" of the Nobles! Go up O *Elam!* Beſiege O *Media!* Ye
" Kingdoms of *Ararat! Minni!* and *Aſhchenaz!* Ye are
" my Battle Axe. Come up ye Horſes! and rage ye
" Chariots! and let the Mighty Men come forth. Make
" bright the Arrows! and gather the Shields! Ariſe ye
" Princes! and anoint the Buckler! Set up a Standard
" on the Walls! Make the Watch Strong! Prepare the
" Ambuſh! Caſt up a Bank! Call the Archers! Spare
" no Arrows! Set the Engines of War againſt her Walls!
" With Axes break down her Towers! Burſt her Bars,
" her Pillars of Iron, and her Walls of Braſs! A Sword!
" a Sword is ſharpen'd! Ah! It is made bright! It is wrap'd
" up for the Slaughter. Their Horſes Hoofs are like
" Flint; and their Wheels like a Whirlwind. Their
" Arrows are ſharp, their Bows bent; the Quiver rattles
" againſt Thee. The Valleys are full of Chariots, the
" Horſemen ſet themſelves in Array at the Entering of
" the Gates. The ſnorting of the Horſes is heard from
" *Media*; the whole Land trembles at the Neighing of
" the Strong. Nations lift up a Shout againſt Her, They

" ſet

" ſet their Thrones before Her Gates. They roar like a Lion,
" like a young Lion; They roar like the Roaring of the
" Sea. No Man ſhall ſpare his Brother. Curſed is He
" who keepeth back his Sword from Blood.

The Execution. " Lo! the Shield of the Mighty is made
" red; the Valiant are in Scarlet. The Cha-
" riots are with flaming Torches; The Fir Trees are terribly
" ſhaken. They rage in the Streets, they juſtle one another
" in the broad Ways, They run like Lightnings, the Pranc-
" ing Horſes! and Jumping Chariots! The Horſe is ſtruck
" with Aſtoniſhment; and the Rider with Madneſs. A
" Day of Wrath, and Diſtreſs; of Deſolation, and Darkneſs;
" of the Trumpet, and Alarm! All Hands are faint; and
" every Heart melts. Their Children are daſh'd to pieces
" before their Eyes; their Houſes ſpoil'd; their Wives ra-
" viſh'd; their Women with Child are rip'd up. The
" Blood of the Souls of the Innocents is upon them.
" Watchman! What of the Night? Watchman! What of
" the Night? Enquire! Return! Come! One Poſt runs
" to meet another, and one Meſſenger to meet another to
" tell the King of *Babylon* that his City is taken at one
" End; That the Paſſages are ſtop'd, the Reeds burnt
" with Fire, the Men of War affrighted. They ſcale the
" Wall, they climb the Houſes, Death comes in at his
" Windows, like a Thief. The Gates of the Rivers are
" Open'd; the Palace is diſſolv'd. Pangs take hold on
" them, as on a Woman in Travel. They are amaz'd;
" Their Faces are as Flames. They are fed with their own
" Fleſh; and Drunken with their own Blood; as with ſweet
" Wine.

" Wine. Howl O Gate! Cry O City! *Bell* boweth down!
" *Nebo* ſtoopeth! *Merodack* is confounded! They ſtoop,
" they bow down together. Thou ſaidſt, I ſhall ſit a Lady
" for ever, I ſhall not be a Widow. Lo! Thy Sons have
" fainted, they lie at the Heads of all the Streets, like a
" wild Bull in a Net; They are full of the Fury of the
" Lord. The Sword devours, it is ſatiate, it is drunk
" with Blood. At the Stamping of the Hoofs of the ſtrong
" Horſes, at the Ruſhing of the Chariots, and the Rumb-
" ling of the Wheels, the Fathers look not back for
" their Children. The Mighty ſtumbleth againſt the Migh-
" ty, and both fall together. They roar as Lions, and
" yell as Lion's Whelps. Her broad Walls are utterly
" broken, her high Gates are burn'd with Fire; In Fire
" her People labour, and labour in vain! Her Mighty
" Men are taken, their Bows are broken; I have made
" her Princes, her Wiſe, and her Mighty drunk with the
" Cup of Trembling. They ſleep a Perpetual Sleep. O
" Thou Sword of the Lord! How long will it be before
" Thou art Quiet? Put up Thy ſelf in the Scabbard;
" Reſt, and be ſtill.

" My Sword is fill'd with Blood; It is Fat, *The Reflection.*
" It is bath'd in Heaven. With the Sole of
" my Feet have I dry'd up all the Waters of beſieg'd Places.
" How the Hammer of the whole Earth is broken? *Babylon*
" is Fallen! is Fallen! She that was great among the Nations,
" and Princeſs among the Provinces! The Glory of Domini-
" on! The Beauty of the *Chaldee*'s Excellency! The Golden

" City, that went out by Thouſands! The Crown of Pride!
" Alas! alas! That Mighty City, That was cloathed with
" fine Linnen, Purple, and Scarlet; and Deck'd with Gold,
" Precious Stones, and Pearls! She who was call'd the La-
" dy of Kingdoms; That Crowning City, whoſe Mer-
" chants were Princes, and her Trafickers the Honourable
" of the Earth. That was as a Golden Cup in the Hand
" of the Lord, with which He made Drunk the Princes of
" the Earth, and the Nations Mad. Thy Pomp, and the
" Sound of thy Viol is brought down to the Grave, the
" Worms are ſpread over Thee. Thou art become an
" Aſtoniſhment, and all that paſs by Hiſs at Thee. Thy
" Pile is deep, and large, of Fire, and much Wood, and
" the Breath of the Lord like a Stream of Brimſtone hath
" kindled it: The Breath of the Lord, whoſe Fire is in
" *Zion*, and his Furnace in *Jeruſalem*. Thy *Tophet* ſhall not
" be quench'd, Night, nor Day, the Smoak of it ſhall
" go up for ever, and for ever. Wild Beaſts of the Iſlands
" ſhall cry in thy deſolate Houſes, and doleful Creatures in
" thy pleaſant Palaces; Satyrs ſhall dance there, they ſhall
" cry to their Fellows. It ſhall be an Habitation of Dra-
" gons, and the Court of Owls. A Wolf of the Even-
" ing ſhall ſpoil Thee; and a Leopard watch over thy
" City.

" THY King ſpake, and ſaid: Is not This Great *Babylon*
" which I have built, for the Houſe of the Kingdom, by
" the Might of my Power, and for the Honour of my
" Majeſty? I will aſcend into Heaven; I will exalt my

" Throne

" Throne above the Stars of God; I will be like the moſt
" High. How art Thou fall'n from Heaven O *Lucifer!*
" Son of the Morning! Is This He that weaken'd the
" Nations, deſtroy'd Cities, held Princes Priſoners, ſhook
" Kingdoms, made the Earth Tremble, and the World a
" Wilderneſs?

" THOU art caſt out of thy very Grave. *The Conſequence.*
" Thy Bones ſhall be ſpread before the Sun,
" and the Moon, the Queen of Heaven, which Thou
" lovedſt; and before all the Hoſt of Heaven which
" Thou worſhipedſt. Thy Name, Remnant, Son, and
" Nephew, are cut off. Thy Voice ſhall come out of
" the Ground, like the Voice of one that has a Fa-
" miliar Spirit; and ſhall whiſper out of the Duſt. Thy
" Sons are gone down to Hell with their Weapons of War;
" They have laid their Swords under their Heads; but
" their Iniquity ſhall be upon their Bones, though they
" were the Terror of the Mighty in the Land of the
" Living.

" A MIGHTY Angel took a Stone, like *The Triumph.*
" a great Mill-Stone, and threw it into the
" Sea, ſaying, Thus ſhall the Great *Babylon* be thrown
" down with Violence, and ſhall be found no more for
" ever. O ye Heavens be Aſtoniſh'd at This! Sing O ye
" Heavens! for the Lord hath done it: Let the Morning
" Stars ſing together; and All the Sons of God ſhout for
" Joy. Allelujah! Allelujah! In a Voice as of a great
" Multitude, as of many Waters, as of Mighty Thun-

" derings, Allelujah! Amen, Allelujah! The Lord God " Omnipotent Reigneth *.

LET no Man imagine (as ſome ſeem to do) that the *Excellency of his Underſtanding* hinders him from believing a *Revelation*, if He finds not ſomething beyond all *Human* Compoſition, in This. What Fire, what Rapidity, what Elevation, what Enthuſiaſm, what Picture, what Propriety, what Opulence, what Fancy, what Energy, what † *non Imitabile Fulmen*, what Conqueſt of the Head, and what Penetration of the Heart is Here? How Arouzing, how Divine, but how *Terrifying* too is This? And its ſacred Inſpirer forbid that the *Ambitious* ſhould read it for their *Pleaſure* only. The Fall of Ambition is not only Poſſible, but Probable; nay, the Wiſeſt of Men ſays, *He that exalteth his Gate* ſeeketh *a Fall.* And an Author of great Name, when he is preſcribing Rules for the Ambitious, ſays, That the beſt Rule that can be given them, is, to prepare for a Change of Fortune. *Nebuchadnezar*, *Julius*, *Sejanus*, *Woolſey*, are only leading Inſtances of fallen Stars; Countleſs Multitudes have been involv'd in the like Calamity, from the ſame Cauſe, and fill up the Terror of Theſe notorious Warnings to the Pride of Man.

ON what did *Nebuchadnezar*, on what does any of his Succeſſors in Ambition ſet their Hearts? On *Little Things.* Let any one remove his Eye from the moſt Magnificent Parade, or Triumph, to the Expanſe of Heaven; and, inſtantly, what

* Though a ſhorter Quotation would have ſatisfied my preſent Purpoſe, yet ſince I deſigned *This*, likewiſe, as a Specimen of a Work that endeavours to ſhew, in a manner yet unattempted, the Genius, and Eloquence, of the *Pſalms*, *Prophets*, and *Job*, ſuperiour to That of all Other Authors, I hope the Length will be excuſed. *Prejudice* on one Hand, and *implicite Admiration, and Extaſy* on the Other, have left Room, and Occaſion of farther Adjuſting the Degree of Eſtimation due to theſe Compoſitions, as Compoſitions; ſome Parts of which have reach'd ſuch a Height of Perfection, that Human Nature has not Ideas to carry her to a Conception of any thing beyond it. Two Inſtances of this Truth among many, are, I think, the ſix laſt Chapters of *Job*, and *Pſalm* the 104th. † Virg.

was

was Great is Little, what was Publick, is Private. The Trumpet, the Plume, all that can enter at *Senſe* on the Face of the Earth, ſeems Annihilated; and to dwell on it, ſeems creeping into a By-Path, a Digreſſion from the Grandeur of our Nature, and the true Majeſty of Life. Let not this be thought extravagant, it is ſtrictly juſt. And perhaps the beſt Reaſon why a great Part of the Creation which ſeems of little or no Influence to our Well-being, is notwithſtanding within the Compaſs of our Obſervation, is, That it ſhould lift the Thought, expand the Soul, Diſparage the Littleneſs of Things below, and inflame us with Reflections of a ſimular Nature to This.

But to come cloſe to the Point. What does the Ambitious Man aim at? At Dominion, Principality, and Power; at governing Nations, and making his Name Great in the Earth. And who but the Puſilanimous, and Baſe, ſhall cenſure him for *this?* Whatever his Errors are, does he not ſhew at leaſt a *Grandeur of Deportment*, and a *Magnanimity of Heart?* Neither, but altogether the Reverſe.

For 1ſt, As to *Magnanimity.* There is a Meanneſs of Spirit in paſſionately deſiring Thoſe Things, the *Contempt* of which requires a greater Effort of Mind, that is a greater Magnanimity, and beſtows a fuller Happineſs, than the *Poſſeſſion* of them. *Magnanimity* is a Reſolution able to comply with the Dictates of Reaſon when moſt difficult; if therefore Ambition is Unreaſonable, (as I have ſhewn) it muſt be Puſilanimous. I will not therefore call the Ambitious an *Unhappy*, or a *Guilty*, (as I might) but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a *Little* Man; and if That does touch him nearer, It will be a new Argument to prove that I call him *ſo* with the greateſt Truth.

As to the 2d, *The Grandeur of his Deportment.* That is, his Diſtance from Subjection, and Servility. What then if it ſhould appear that no Man is ſo much a Slave? Dominion over Others is indeed his Aim; but by that very Aim he moſt effectually ſubjects himſelf to them. Every one that can retard, or promote his Purpoſes, has an Awe over him; Is the Object of his anxious Application, and ſervile Fear; Diſciplines his Deportment,

and

and pains his Mind. *Not to expect* is the only Means to be Free, and He is all Expectation; that is all Slavery, *while Dominion*, nay *becauſe* Dominion is his only Aim. And thus it fares with all irregular Purſuits of Happineſs; They contradict the Purpoſe of God, and therefore muſt counter-act themſelves; for God will not be controul'd. He has aſſigned other means of Happineſs, and to convince us of it moſt ſtrongly, they that make not uſe of his Means, but their own to That End, ſhall not only fail of it, but their Endeavours ſhall be their Hindrance, ſhall work them backwards, and ſet them at a greater Diſtance from it. Thus the *Voluptuary* juſt mentioned, while he too warmly purſues the *Objects*, moſt effectually blunts the *Powers* of Appetite. The *Covetous* while He inordinately deſires to become Rich, though he ſucceeds in all his Attempts, he fails of his End; nay fails of it *by* that Succeſs; God to chaſtiſe, and as it were, to inſult him too, gives him the *Thing*, but witholds the Enjoyment; nay commands *Abundance* to make him *Poor*. Thus, and thus only can that miraculous Conduct of the Covetous be accounted for, of whom

THIRDLY, I am about to ſpeak. The Covetous ſtrongly expoſes Human Nature by ſhewing us an Inſtance in *one* Perſon, how much She *Deſires*, and how little She *Wants*. For who ſubſiſts on ſo Little, who graſps at ſo much? He miſtakes the *Means* for the *End*; *Money* for *Enjoyment*; Nay the means in his Hands makes againſt his End, and the *Power* of *Enjoying* is an *Inducement* to *Self-denial*. The Gold that comes into his Poſſeſſion but *changes* its *Mine*, and is farther from the the Light than ever. His *Impiety*, and his *Folly* are equally groſs. As to the *Firſt*, He is often in Scripture call'd an Idolater, becauſe he Worſhips his Wealth; As to the *Second*, That his Idol, like other Idols of Old, requires ſeverer Service of him than the True God; more rigid Auſterities than Religion enjoins; His Toils, his Self-denials, his fervent Devotion to *Gain*, is Greater than That which might carry him to *Heaven*. Covetouſneſs is nothing but the Painful Art of making Induſtry Sinful,

Wealth

Wealth Indigent, Influence Diſhonourable, Life Sordid, Death Terrible, and Heirs Ungrateful without any manner of Guilt.

But to ſet it in the cleareſt and ſhorteſt Light; What is Wealth? a *Security* put into our Hands, That the Enjoyments of this World ſhall be delivered to us whenever we pleaſe, on That Title. Now if that Title rather Denies, than Gives us thoſe Enjoyments, It loſes its Nature; It is no longer a *Title* indulg'd to our Neceſſities, But it is a *Warrant* ſerved on our Folly, to deliver us over to Wretchedneſs, to Shame, and to Want. So that the Miſer has no *Wealth*.

Nothing is ſo ſtrange as Man's inextinguiſhable Thirſt for *More*; Nay he pants after That which he *has*. For I affirm that infinite Numbers have *ſufficient* Means of Happineſs already in their Hands, and *ſufficient* Means is what they are reaching after; For who needs more? But Men *know not* what they poſſeſs. How Few have made an Inventory of their own Bleſſings? How Few know what they do *not* want? Hence, *Know thy ſelf* was ſaid to come from Heaven. For without it no Man can be Content. Our Pains are from our *Deſires*, not our *Wants*. For which moſt material Truth I ſhall mention Two Arguments.

FIRST, If we Examine, we ſhall often find that after burning with ſome vehement Deſire, we are Quieted by *Deſpair*, as much, and perhaps more happily than we ſhould have been by *Succeſs*.

SECOND, Let ſome great Pain ſeize us in our moſt rapid Purſuit after what we imagine Eſſential to our Peace, and the ceaſing of that *ſuperior Pain* will give us a *momentary* Conviction that we were *really*, then, Happy, when we *thought* our ſelves Miſerable. But Folly ſoon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aſide but Two Things, 1ſt, Our *own Imagination*, which makes us think Things Neceſſary which are not. 2dly, Our Deference for the *Opinion of the World*, which makes us Incapable of being Happy, unleſs we are *Thought* ſo, the Majority of Mankind would be much Happier than they at preſent imagine; They would grow Rich *extempore*, and be more Indebted to the Removal of an Error in Judgment, than to any

poſſible

poſſible Succeſs they could have in their Purſuits of Wealth. Our Error in the preſent Caſe (as in moſt Others) proceeds from *partial Views*, from not taking in the *Whole*. We look only on thoſe *Above us*, which ſtrains our Hearts in Purſuit, and puts all our Faculties painfully on the Stretch; Whereas if we look'd on thoſe *below* us too; It would abate our Ferment, Remit our painful Intention, and inſpire quite New Sentiments of our own State. Now on our Sentiments (which Few obſerve) our Happineſs depends. It lies in Thoughts, and not in Things. Things are Opaque Bodies, which have no Light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to Advantage the Gayety beaming on them from our own Hearts. Hence the very Unhappy fly Publick, and Pompous Scenes of Life, becauſe while Gay to others, they are Dark to them, and therefore, more provokingly ſo, than *Retreat*. It is not the Man's Buſineſs who deſires Happineſs to increaſe his Riches, but to give his Underſtanding ſo juſt a Judgment of Things, and his Affections ſo rational a Temper, that He could not be more Happy, though he were more Rich. Nay ſome have parted with their Riches for the ſake of Happineſs. But *in this* the Faith of Annals muſt Labour, with the Miſer, very much.

THE Foundation of Error in this Point, is, all our Pains, and Pleaſures, are from *Senſe*, or *Imagination*, and not from *Reaſon*. Now Content is an *Art*, I have *Learn'd* to be Content, ſays the Apoſtle. Neither Nature, nor Chance, nor Circumſtances can give it. The whole Body of Pagan, and Chriſtian Ethicks are the Rules of this Art. Now the Miſer profeſſes an Art directly the Reverſe of it. *He* is Wiſe, (which is another Word for *Happy* in this Caſe,) who can ſay I have not Much, but no Man has More, for I have all I want. *Socrates* ſaid with Wit, but with Judgment too. "He that needs *Leaſt*, is moſt like the Gods, who need *Nothing*.

FOURTHLY, I am to ſpeak of the *Vain*. This is the moſt Diſtinguiſh'd Son of Folly, and has the moſt airy Happineſs of them all. His Brothers beforementioned, though themſelves to be laugh'd at, laugh at Him. He ſeeks his Felicity entirely in the

the Opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there; for the World by his very Name has pronounc'd against him; from the Emptiness of his Pursuit, and the Thinness of his Enjoyment is he call'd *Vain.* The Former *Wish* at least for something Substantial, but His very *Wish* is a *Reproach.*

As the too Modest is pain'd by being *in* the Publick Eye, He is pain'd by being *out* of it. What a vast Expence is He at to buy Spectators? For to what other End is his splendid Person, and Equipage, his large Parks, Palaces, Rivers, and Cascades? How Expensive? and how Useless? *Sense* is too Narrow, it wants Compass to take them in; Less Things would gratify *That* more. The *Understanding* condemns them; Childish *Imagination* only approves, and that too but for a Moment; What are these Pageantries, but *Larger Toys* with which it Plays a-while, and then grows weary of them? What are they, but huge Monuments of Mistake, Subjects for Popular Talk, and an Immense Tax paid for *Rumour*, for sure it can not be call'd *Fame?*

How He Gazes on, and Touches, and Retouches, and as it were sollicits his shining Ornaments to give him some extraordinary Sensation, somewhat adequate to the Desire he indulg'd *for*, or the Expectation he entertained *from* them? but in Vain. They were much more Powerful in *Idea*, than they are in *Fact.* It is falling in Love with our own Mistaken Ideas that makes Fools, and Beggars of half Mankind.

The *Vain* is a Beggar of Admiration. Begging is an unreputable Profession, but as we are Dependent Beings, we must all be Beggars in some Degree. The Scandal therefore of this Practise depends on two Things, the Character of the Person *from whom*, and the Value of the Things *which* we beg. Now the Vain begs from all, even the *most Ignoble*; and He begs *Nothing*; I mean, what turns to no Account. He is more Noble that asks Bread, than He who asks a Bow, or the Glance of an Eye; for That is more worth.

In what does this Man lay out the Faculties of an Immortal Soul? That Time, on which depends Eternity? That Estate, which well dispos'd of, might, in some measure, purchase Heaven?

What is his ſerious Labour, ſubtle Machination, ardent Deſire, and reigning Ambition? — *to be ſeen.* This Ridiculous, but True Anſwer, renders all grave Cenſure almoſt Superfluous. If the World was fill'd with ſuch as Theſe, all Arts, and Engines of Diſcipline, and of Death, for chaſtiſement of Offence, might ſeem needleſs; let the Law they violate, or the Power they offend but condemn them to *Retreat.*

But to come cloſe to the Point. What is it the *Vain* would have? He would be Admired; He begs an Alms of Admiration from every Paſſer by, and his Happineſs ſtarves without it. Now what does This Deſire imply? It implies that he cannot be Happy without their Leave. Thus is He by Choice the moſt Precarious Creature on Earth. The moſt Precarious Creature is the moſt wretched, and, therefore, the moſt Precarious by Choice, is the moſt Fooliſh too; If any will deny that the moſt Precarious Being is moſt wretched, let them conſider that the Reverſe, the leaſt Precarious Being, is the moſt Happy, for That is God: and the farther we are remov'd from Independency, and Self-ſufficiency, the farther are we remov'd from that Standard of Wiſdom, and Happineſs.

I shall diſmiſs the *Vain* with one Obſervation more. We ought particularly to guard againſt This Folly, for a Reaſon very particular too. Other Vices are promoted by Vices, but This is often Nouriſh'd by *Virtue* itſelf.

Thus have I, I think, prov'd, That The *Voluptuous* is the Greateſt *Self-denier*, That the *Ambitious* is the Greateſt *Slave*, That the *Covetous* has no Wealth, and That the Vain whoſe Idol is *Admiration*, is the Greateſt Object of *Contempt.*

The Conſiderations which have been alledg'd to the Diſcredit of Human Happineſs have been, Hitherto, drawn from General Topicks; *One* remains, That is *too Peculiar.* We have lately loſt our King; That ſad Occaſion firſt ſuggeſted *This Subject* to me, which, now, It ſupports with an unwelcome Argument; for when our Sovereign fell, Nature her ſelf emphatically proclaim'd "That all below is Vain". Too powerful a Supplement to this Diſcourſe!

Who

WHO, then, art Thou who ſetteſt thine Affections on Things below? Art Thou Greater than the Deceas'd? Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Birth?* The moſt Highly-deſcended is no more. Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Riches?* The King of *Britain* is no more. Doſt Thou value thy ſelf on thy *Power?* The Maſter of the Seas, the Arbiter of *Europe* is no more. Doſt Thou glory in thy Conſtancy, Humanity, Affection to thy Friends, or *Encouragement of Arts?* —— But I forbear. It is *Ambition* to be *Grateful* when Princes beſtow.

HOW lately were the Eyes of all *Europe* thrown on this Great Man? For *Man* let me call him, now, nor contradict the Declarition which his Mortality has made. They that find Him, now, muſt *ſeek* for Him; and ſeek for Him in the *Duſt*. What on Earth but muſt tell us This World is vain, if Thrones declare it? If Kings, if *Britiſh* Kings are Demonſtrations of it? O Majeſty! Thy *Serene Evening* indeed is, clos'd; but, Then, Thou ſhineſton us in thy *Meridian* Glory.

I SHALL offer one Obſervation on the Death of Princes which is full to my preſent Purpoſe. A Throne is the ſhining Period, the golden Termination of the Worldly Man's Proſpect, his Paſſions affect, his Underſtanding conceives nothing beyond it, or the Favours it can beſtow. The Sun, the Expanſe of Heaven, or what lies Higher, have no Luſtre in his Sight, no room in his pre-engag'd Imagination, it is all a ſuperfluous Waſte. When therefore his Monarch dies, He is left in Darkneſs, *his* Sun is ſet, it is the Night of Ambition with him. Which naturally damps him into Reflection, and fills that Reflection with awful Thoughts.

WITH Reverence, then, be it ſpoken, what can God, in his Ordinary Means, do more, to turn his Affections into their right Channel, and ſend them forward to their proper End? Providence, by his King's deceaſe, takes away the very Ground on which his Deluſion roſe; It ſinks before him; his *Error* is ſupplanted, nor has his *Folly* whereon to ſtand; but muſt return, like the Dove in the Deluge, to his own Boſom again.

By *This*, is He convinc'd that his ultimate Point of View is not only Vain in its Nature, but Vain in Fact; It not only *may*, but *has* actually fail'd. What, then, is He under a Necessity of doing, this Boundary of his Sight remov'd? Either he must look forward, and what is beyond it, but God? Or he must close his Eyes in wilful Darkness, and still repose his Trust in Things which he has experienc'd to be Vain. Such Accidents, therefore, however Fatal to his *Secular*, are the Mercy of God as to his *Eternal* Interest, and say with my Text, *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

Let us, now, from the Throne look back, (as from an Eminence,) on the former part of our *Journey*; We have passed the several *Orders*, *Ages*, *Aims*, *Relations*, *Constitutions*, *Tempers*, *Passions*, with the four great *Impulses* of Mankind, and have found but one Report through these several Stages of our Course; The various Witnesses concur, and bring in a full Verdict against the Happiness of Human Life. They declare that all Mankind is United by Misery in some Degree, as by (what is less Melancholy) the *Grave*, to which it leads.

And can This World enchant us still? And can we be Born for *This?* Is This a Scene for *Reason*, that Emanation of Divinity to doat on? Is This the Fortune, This the Dower to which we should wed an *Immortal Soul?* Where then is the Difference between *Reason*, and *Absurdity?* Between *Immortality*, and the *Beasts that perish?* Be This Their Heaven, (as properly it is,) but not their Lord's, but not Man's.

I shall close this Discourse with a Picture of *Life* in *Miniature*, that your Memories may carry it the better: A Picture more Melancholy, than That of This Globe e'er well clear of the *Chaos*; or labouring, afterwards, under all the Wrongs, and Disgraces that an Universal *Deluge* could inflict.

Thoughts with Regard to the Mind.

Behold a World! *Where* the Inhabitants are not Differenced by Happiness, and Misery; but only by the different *Degrees*, and various *Colours* of Misery Universal: *Where*, the *Memory* is clouded with black Ideas of the Past; the *Imagination* overlooks

looks the Preſent; and the *Underſtanding*, through Mercy, is Blinded to the Future: *Where*, every *Paſſion* may be call'd *Legion*, for its Evils are many. *Where*, Men almoſt univerſally lay aſide *Intellectual* Pleaſures; are moſt ardent Deſirers of Happineſs, and yet ſubſiſt it on the moſt Impotent Half of their Natures. *Where*, Anxiety of Thought damps Senſual Pleaſure, and Senſual Pleaſure increaſes Anxiety of Thought, and impairs our Strength to ſupport it too. *Where*, the Soul and Body are in perpetual Hoſtilities, aggrieving each other, and External Accidents ſeem Superfluous to our Miſery; Thus the Poor Man, like Devoted *Jeruſalem*, beſieg'd without, and divided within, is a Complication of Infelicity.

To Externals.

Where, *Succeſs* muſt be procur'd by our Infinite Care, and *Ruin* follows on the Contrary; ſo that all the ſad Choice indulg'd to Mankind, is, of infinite Care, or Deſtruction. Beſides, the more we have of Credit, Wealth, or Power, the more we *may* loſe; nor is any Man entirely free from the Apprehenſions of it; ſo that our Poſſeſſions *imply*, and *provide* for our Miſery. *Where*, an Independent Pleaſure is very *Severe*; a Dependent, very Frail. *Where*, *Pleaſure* often exacts ſuch Hardſhips from her Votary, that *Auſterity* can not improve upon them. *Where*, nothing Pleaſes but in Proſpect, and to pleaſe in Proſpect only, is not to diſappoint alone, but to deride us too. *Where*, what *Exalts the* Spirits ſhortens Life by that Expence, and what *Depreſſes*, makes the ſhorteſt Life too Long. *Where*, Days are Long, yet Life is Short. *Where*, Men are affraid of a Fly, or a Shadow, and not of the Wrath of an Almighty God. *Where*, we ſtand as in a Battle, Thouſands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own Mortality; Nay are harden'd into an Inſenſibility of it, by theſe very Proofs of its Approach. And ſtart, like *David*, when we hear, "Thou art the Man." *Where*, *Experience* which is *truly* the Greateſt Bleſſing of Life, is the ſevereſt Diſcipline of it too; And *Diverſion* which is *ſuppos'd* a Bleſſing, only ſignifies that to our ſelves we are Inſupportable. *Where*, *Sorrow* is as the Stem, or Root of Life; *Joy* but as its Flower, expected at remote Seaſons only, Then often blighted, or if it Blooms, in Blooming dies.

Where

Where, all is Vexatious, or Mix'd, or Fugitive? *Where*, Pains aſſault us, Deluſions ſurround us, and Terrors hang o'er us. *Where*, we are *Reſtleſs* in Purſuit, *Diſatisfied* in Fruition, and *Perſecuted* with Remorſe. *Where*, we are ever Purſuing, and ever condemning the ſame Things; ever Accuſing *Hope* of its broken Faith, and ever Truſting on; ever gaſping after Senſual Enjoyment, and ever Impairing our Appetite for them. *Where*, Objects, as well as Appetites decay; or if they laſt, laſt not to us, through the Fickleneſs of our Choice. *Where*, we are yearly burying ſome favourite Amuſement, or Pleaſure; and They that ſucceed are leſs Exquiſite, and full as Mortal. *Where*, we ſpend moſt of our Days in climbing the Hill of our Fortune, which ſuſpends, by Labour, any ſerious Thought; and when we have climb'd it, and are about to change Toil for Enjoyment, we ſtart to ſee our Grave ſo near us on t'other Side. *Where*, Life with moſt Men is *to come*, till It is *paſt*.

To Family-Affliction.

Where the Honeſt, and Confiding Heart takes a Virgin Flower into his Boſom, and often finds a Sting under it. *Where*, the Fond Mother, *to-Day*, looks with Tranſport on the Reward of her long Labour, and painful Travel, which changes perhaps, *To-Morrow*, the Cradle for the Grave. *Where*, the feeble Father follows a favourite, an only Daughter, the Delight of his Eye! the Reſt of his Age! to her long Home, which He perhaps has wiſhed for himſelf in vain; and ſheds thoſe Tears on her Aſhes, which ſhould expreſs his Joy for the Happy Diſpoſal of her in Life: Or perhaps the Caſe is ſtill worſe, He ſees her Youth, and Beauty, and Innocence fallen into Arms, to him more Dreadful than Thoſe of Death. *Where*, the Son of ſome Great Houſe, its Hope, Joy, and Support, the Sole Heir, of Riches, Titles, and golden Schemes, falls immaturely, graſp'd by Death, as the Pillars were by *Sampſon*, and the whole Structure is ſorely ſhaken, if it does not follow on his Fall. *Where*, the Comforts of Life have their Pangs; their Jars, Jealouſies, Interruptions, Decays, and Extinction. *Where*, Grudge, Animoſity, and Revenge wound deep; but deeper (when They wound) Relation, Friendſhip, Love; for Love has its

its Barbarities, and frequently may be miſtaken for Hatred by its Effects. There are ſometimes malignant Tempers in Families; ſuch *Domeſtick* Maladies are like Ulcers in the Vitals; Extremities can not cure them, they can not be cut off.

Where, Youth and Infirmity, Age and Folly, Knowledge and Misbehaviour, Pomp and Puſilanimity, Merit and Cenſure often meet. Nor is the Frequency of Cenſure ſtrange, ſince finding a Fault in another's Underſtanding, *looks* like ſhewing a Beauty in your own. Nay Men are fond of finding Moſt Fault, where there is Leaſt Occaſion, becauſe that *ſeems* to imply a Greater Ability. *Where*, the Leſs Merit has, the Leſs it ſhall have; and poſſeſſing much is the beſt Title to more.

To Friendſhip.

Where, a *Smile* is often an Ambuſh, as it was on the Face of *Domitian*, on which it ſeldom ſhone, but when Rancour gather'd at his Heart. *Where*, Enmity is Sincere, Friendſhip often a Name; and it is *Ruin* to truſt Thoſe, whom not to truſt is almoſt a *Crime*, as a Relation, a Friend, a Brother! *Where*, many fall from Credit, Fortune, Life, with *Cæſar*'s Exclamation, "*And This from Thee*"? *Where*, provoking our Foes has not ruined half ſo many, as Confiding in thoſe of a Contrary Character. He needs no Foe, ſays an *Antient*, who is entirely at the Mercy of his Friends. *Where*, more Hearts pine away in ſecret Anguiſh for Unkindneſs from Thoſe who ſhould be their Comforters, than for any other Calamity in Life. *Where*, Bills of Mortality would ſcarce be mournful, if Bills of private Calamity were in uſe. Who has not ſeen, who has not foreſeen, nay who almoſt, has not felt a Bleeding Heart? *Where*, Evil Arts uſurp the Name, and Port of *Wiſdom*, though ſcarce worthy to be call'd *Cunning*. Now Cunning is but the Top of a *Fool*'s Character, and Wiſdom it ſelf is but the Bottom, or Inferior Part of the Character of an *Honeſt Man*. *Nulla Bona, niſi Honeſta.*

To Hiſtory.

Where, *Hiſtory*, for the moſt part, is nothing but a large Field of Misfortune, and to dip into almoſt any Page of it, is to dip into Blood; Into Blood, Perſecutions, Inquiſitions, Treaſons, Aſſaſſinations, Sieges, Servitudes: Or if ſometimes a *Triumph* breaks thro'

this

this general Cloud, as Lightning thro' Night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a Proof, and Memorial of Misery; For what is a *Triumph*, but the Gay Daughter of Destruction, and Death? *Where*, *Hardheartedness*, and *Lust* drinking the Tears of believing Innocence, and *Self-design*, and *Treachery* turning every Virtue of Others, to its own Interest, and the Good Man's Ruin, (which abounds in every Record) makes Peace more Cruel than War. *Where*, *Happiness* is such a Stranger, that for many Ages it was *Learning* to seek the True Notion of it; and it was *but Sought*; It was not *Found*, but *Reveal'd* at last. *Where*, the Pomps, and *Prancings of the Mighty* are but the Trapings of Woe. *Where*, the most Shining, and *Envy'd* Characters have Few of them died a Natural Death; but furnish Theme of Tragedy for succeeding Generations: Strange! that the same Persons should be the Objects of our *Envy*, and *Pity* too! Strange too! that we should have Sighs sufficient for more Miseries than our own. *Where*, the most Happy would not repeat their Course; and He was justly censur'd who wept over his Army as Mortal, because not One of that Numerous Host, but would probably *wish*, before he *found* his End. *Where*, among the many Arguments for a *Future* State, the Misery of *This* has been most strongly, and universally insisted on in all Ages; which demonstrates an acute Sense, and too ample a Conviction of it. *Where*, Crowns have been often *Abdicated*; How often in our own Annals is the *Palace* chang'd for the *Cloyster*? *Where*, *Self-murder*, at certain Periods, has been a Fashion; nay very extraordinary Methods have been taken to restrain even the Tender Sex from this Horror. *Where*, Half the Travels that have been undertook, half the Designs that have been enterpriz'd, half the Volumes that have been written, have been Refuges from Uneasiness of Heart, and the *Last* are not more the Immortal Monuments of human Wit, than of human Infelicity. *Where*, Happiness is an *Art*, and Content is an *Art*; what Libraries have been written to teach it? Whatever Success they have in teaching *That*, they certainly teach us *This*, That Unhappiness, and Discontent are *Natural*.

Where

To the Profeſſions, and Nature of Things.

Where, the Grave *Employments* of Mankind are but ſtrenuous Follies, nor differenc'd from Thoſe of Children, but by their Magnitude, and their Guilt. *Where*, the ſeveral Occupations of Life are but Fortifications againſt *Want*, and often frail ones too. *Where*, among *Profeſſions* are the Lawyer, and the Soldier, Profeſſors of Quarrel and Death; Fortune, and Life their Prey. *Where*, the Infirmities of our *Bodies* demand, and ſupport One Profeſſion; the Infirmities of our *Mind* Another; and the Miſadventures of our *Fortune* conſtitute an ample Portion in the whole World of Literature. *Where*, the very *Elements* wage War againſt us; and have their Inundation, Shipwreck, Earthquake, Famine, Peſtilence, Volcano's, and Conflagration. *Where*, we can not make way from our Doors, but through the Cries of *Indigence*, or *Diſeaſe*. *Where*, Hoſpitals, and Bedlams are publick *Neceſſaries*. *Where*, the very *Appellations* of a large part of Mankind can't be *heard* without Compaſſion; *Widows!* and *Orphans! Where*, *Tears* are a Diſtinction of the whole Species from other Creatures. *Where*, Youth often languiſhes like a Tempeſt-beaten Flower, and Age ſhews its Injuries like a Blaſted Oak.

Mixt Thoughts.

Where, the Night is an Idle Dream, and the Day little better. *Where*, every one is *Witneſs*, or *Patient* of Affliction; ever telling ſad Tales of Others, till He becomes a Tale Himſelf; the Tale of a Day! and then is utterly forgotten. He *Liv'd and Dy'd*, is an Epitaph for much the Greateſt part of Mankind. *Where* He that has reach'd his Meridian is One of a Thouſand, His Friends and Relations lie dead around him; Half of his Converſation is gather'd from the Tomb. What are the Gay, Young, Beautiful, Brave, Learned, Wiſe, Good, in which He once perhaps was Rich, what are They? —— A Tear! a Sigh! *Where*, Youth has the Pain of *getting*, Age of *leaving* its Riches; *Affection* being rarely ſtrong enough in us to make the parting with them Agreeable. *Where*, *Fears*, and *Pangs* only give a Reliſh of the Contrary, and our Pleaſure generally as it riſes *from*, ſo it ends *in* them too. *Where*,

the Pain of *Impatience* turns us over to the Pain of *Satiety*, ſcarce divided by the *Moment* of Delight. *Where*, Pain is oftner ſunk by *new* Pain, than heal'd by ſuperveening Pleaſure? *Where*, Real Evils are *Frequent*; Imaginary, *Perpetual*; And the Happieſt thanks ſome Other's Wretchedneſs for putting him in mind that He is not the moſt wretched Himſelf: *Where*, I *was* Happy, a Few may poſſibly ſay, I *ſhall* be Happy Moſt ſay, I *am* Happy, None: Now if None are Happy on the Preſent, it is a Demonſtration that Happineſs is abſent from us All. The *Preſent* is All that our Parent Nature, properly, gives us; and That like peeviſh Children, we will not taſt; Thus between the Law of our Condition, and the Perverſneſs of our Temper, we have nothing at all, we are very Poor, Subſiſting, or rather Starving our thin Happineſs on Dreams, and Shadows of Good to come; perhaps never to come; certainly never to come proportionate to our Conceptions of them. *Where*, Man ſnatches ſuch Quick, and Terrible reſentment from the ſmalleſt Occaſion, that it reſembles the Diſcharge of Ordnance at the Touch of a Reed. *Where*, to have any Chance for Happineſs a Man muſt *Poſſeſs* the World, or *Deſpiſe* it; Now the Contempt of it, in Him that poſſeſſes it not, is a Cheat, He does *not* heartily contemn it; He miſtakes his Ill-will for Contempt; and what is are Unfortunate, He that poſſeſſes it, *does* contemn it, but not from Wiſdom, but Weakneſs, which has not the Skill to reliſh its Enjoyments, as they deſerve. *Where*, *Proud Honour* ſtands in the Place of *Meek Religion*, Honour that diſdains Compulſion, and that, conſequently, muſt ſtand, or Fall, with Inclination, and Humour; He, therefore, that relies on Honour, relies on Humour, and He that relies on Humour, *is* a Fool, and *muſt* be a Wretch in the End. *Where*, the Two points the World's wiſe Man aims at, are, Firſt to get the better of *Natural Inſtinct*, ſo as not to be betray'd by it into any Humanities, in which He does not find by his own Immediate Account; Secondly, to ſurmount the *Prejudices, and Timorouſneſs of Education*, to throw the Virtues, and Vices into One Heap, *like a Man*; Thence to be drawn

drawn out, *indifferently*, as Intereſt directs; Intereſt, which is his *God*, and his *Bible*, the Cuſtom of the World. *Where*, many Men ſuppoſe you a Knave, or conclude You a Fool; and call you ſo by their Profeſſions of diſintereſted Friendſhip; by which they only mean to ſteal your Affections, and the good Effects of them. *Where*, Compaſſion with ſome paſſes for Weakneſs, and you muſt ſuppreſs your Sighs, as in the Theatre, not to be laugh'd at; He is look'd on as an *Ideot*, who is not above being a *Man*. *Where*, Men ſeek not the *Means* of Serving, but an *excuſe* for not Serving Others; and *Words* change their Nature, and do not *reveal*, but cover the Mind; the *Paſſions* themſelves, thoſe Betrayers of Truth, are taught to *act a Part*; the very *Eye* can lie, and that Natural *Window* of the Soul, has a painted Skreen before it, that you may not ſee through; He only who diſcovers his *own Intereſt* gives you a Key to his Heart; in a word, *Where*, the Honeſt Man (who alone is worthy of Good) if he judges of Men by himſelf, is Undone. *Where*, an Engliſhman that writes on this Subject muſt own with Shame, and Horror, that Suicide is a National Imputation.

Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & Pauperiem & duros perferre Labores? VIRG.

Where, *Freethinking* in the worſt Senſe, (from which, not from the *Climate*, flows the laſt mentioned Miſery) is a Faſhion, is a Triumph; for They that *Hope* in *Annihilation*, can not be more abſurd by *Triumphing* in their *Shame*; Our Laws are Deficient in the Reſtraint of this Madneſs, this Zeal *againſt* Religion. Human Nature has but Two Reſtraints upon it from all Evil, *Religion*, and *Reaſon*; *Reaſon*, in its juſt Extent, reaches but a ſmall Part of Mankind, They that throw down *Religion* let the Reſt looſe on the Fame, Fortunes, and Lives of all Men; not to mention on Themſelves too, for Their Misfortune deſerves to be overlook'd. *This* may be call'd Satire, but, by the ſame Rule, the Scripture is ſo too. *Where*, to diſſemble Injuries, is the greateſt Shock to Nature, and Shame to Honour, yet, at the ſame time, the greateſt *Art of Life*. *Where*, He that has not learn'd the World muſt go out of it, or be a *Jeſt*, and an *Unfortunate* in it; He

that has learn'd it, has learn'd it with Diſcipline, and by that time, he is well Maſter of the *Game*, his *Candle is put out. Omnium verſatur* Urna. 'Tis Hard to learn the World, but Harder to Unlearn it, and not to Unlearn will one Day prove *more* Fatal. *Where*, we will not believe *Yeſterday*, but hope favourably of *To-morrow*; as if then there would be a *New Sun*, a *New Nature*, a *New Self*; they *pray* for That, who almoſt *curſe* its Fellow. *Where*, Sorrow is Fruitleſs, and *Laughter is Mad. Where*, at the ſeveral *Tides* of Good Fortune the *Head* tells the *Heart*, well, now, we are *Happy*, which the Heart ſcarce believes, or believes it *implicitly:* Whenever we ſay to our ſelves let us ſit down, and enjoy Life, we diſcover the Cheat, like One deluded by *Perſpective*, by bringing it to the Touch. Nothing will do; Buſineſs, conſidering *Paſſion*, and *Accident* is a Toil certainly; Idleneſs is worſe; and Books are a weak Reſourſe; A Man ſhould no more Read, than Eat, without an Appetite; if He does, the Book will be near as much Amuſed, and Edified by the Man, as He by the Book: There is One Book indeed (if I may ſo ſpeak) for which methinks He ſhould always have an Appetite, but He ſeldom has, though He might always ſtudy it with the *greateſt* Improvement, I mean *Himſelf*. *Antoninus* was one of the wiſeſt of Men: The Secret of Happineſs, is to make it as *Independent* as poſſible. *Ne te queſiveris extra.* This is too *Wiſe*, to be omitted, becauſe it is *Common*; And the whole Tide of the World drives another way; the whole Study of Mankind is a *fortunate Attachment*, a *Happy Dependency*, which is only not a Contradiction. *Where*, Multitudes, (ſtrange! and ridiculous, but for the Horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every *Step* is a Step toward a *Grave*, every *Minute* an Approach to an *Eternity:* Beſides, if Men well knew the Buſineſs of *this* World, and would acquit themſelves like Maſters in it, *Want* of Time would be their great Complaint. Nay he that lays down but this one ſimple Rule, That he will be in the Right whereever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle Moment, tho' he has not the Important Cares of Nations, or even of Families on his Hands; and who

who is there even among thoſe *Complainers* of whom I ſpeak, but makes ſome pretence to this Rule. In a word, the Exerciſe of *Reaſon* is it ſelf an *Employment*, whether we are in Action, or out of it; It requires *Attention*, and a Mind awake, and Preſent; and He that does not exerciſe his Reaſon, is *Unreaſonable*, and renounces his *Humanity*.

Where, the *Paſt* is a very Dream, and the *Future* a ſore Travel. *Where*, the tender Mother ſheds Tears over her Helpleſs Infant, and the Careful Father pours Groans over them Both; Groans conſcious of the Preſent, and Preſaging of the Future. *Where*, ſometimes Nations groan, as One Man, under a General Calamity; Nor is the Whole Earth at all privileg'd from the ſevere Condition of any one Nation of it. *Where*, Nature is perpetually pouring her Children in vaſt Tides out of *Time*, into *Eternity*; and the Survivers take the Evil, and refuſe the Good, They are but the more Melancholy, not the Wiſer for it. *Where*, we are Born with Pain, and Die with Amazement. *Where*, Life is the *Slave of Miſery*, and yet (moſt ſtrange, and Deplorable!) the *King of Terrors* is Death.

Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum, & mentem Mortalia tangunt.

ALMOST the whole Book of *Eccleſiaſtes* might be tranſcrib'd as a Scriptural Support of what is here ſaid; and its Author, it is well known, received Wiſdom as an immediate Gift from God, in Superiority to all the Reſt of Mankind.

I SHALL conclude by ſaying what is moſt True, that Human Life is like a Diſhoneſt Creditor, it puts off our *Youth*, and *Manhood*, with Lies from Day to Day, then owns the Cheat, and gives our Age an abſolute Denial.

The Deſcription of Human Happineſs.

IF this Account is Juſt, as I think it is, What is *Human Happineſs?* A Word! a Notion! a Day-dream! a Wiſh! a Sigh! a Theme to be talk'd of! a Mark

Mark to be ſhot at, but never Hit! A Picture in the Head, and a Pang in the Heart of Man. *Wiſdom* recommends it gravely, *Learning* talks of it pompouſly; our *Underſtanding* liſtens to it eagerly, our *Affection* purſues it warmly, and our *Experience* deſpairs of it irretrievably. *Imagination* perſuades ſome that they have found it, but it is while their *Reaſon* is aſleep; *Pride* prevails with Others to boaſt of it, but it is *only* a *Boaſt*, by which they may deceive their Neighbours, but not Themſelves; *Felicity of Conſtitution*, and *Suavity of Manners* make the neareſt Approach to it, but it is *only* an *Approach*; *Fortune*, the *Nature of Things*, the *Infirmities of the Body*, the *Paſſions of the Mind*, the *Dependance on Others*, the *Prevalence of Vice*, the very *Condition of Humanity* forbids an Embrace. Wine, Beauty, Muſick, Pomp, Study, Diverſion, Buſineſs, Wiſdom, All that Sea or Land, Nature or Art, Labour or Reſt can beſtow, are but poor Expedients to heave off the Inſupportable Load of an Hour from the Heart of Man; the Load of an *Hour*, from the Heir of an *Eternity*! If the *Young*, or *Unexperienc'd*, or *Vain*, or *Profligate* only were ſubject to this Weakneſs, It were ſomething; but when the *Learned*, and *Wiſe*, and *Grave*, and *Grey* — It ſhocks! It mortifies! and with Shame, and Pity, my Mind turns from its Purpoſe, and goes *backward* to throw a Veil over the Nakedneſs of my *Father*. In a Word the true Notion of *Human Happineſs* explained, is it ſelf one of the ſtrongeſt Proofs of our Miſery. For how can we ſpeak more adequately of it than by ſaying, It is *That* of which our *Deſpair* is as *Neceſſary*, as our *Paſſion* for it is *Vehement*, *and Inextinguiſhable*. Now *ardently* to *Thirſt*, and *unavoidably* to *Deſpond*, with Regard to the ſame Thing, and That Thing of *Conſequence Supream*, is the Conſummation of Infelicity. I know but One ſolid *Pleaſure* in Life, and that is our *Duty*; How *Miſerable*, then, how Unwiſe, how Unpardonable are They, who make that *One* a *Pain*?

THE Purpose of this Discourse, as express'd in the Beginning of it, was to put This World in the Balance; and examine the Value of *Things on the Earth.* Now such as is Represented, not Aggravated, through the whole preceeding Discourse, *is* the *General* State of Mankind: But It is a State of their *own Choice*; And It *may* be, though not wholy Revers'd, abundantly Reliev'd, exceedingly Brighten'd from the Clouds, the Thick Darkness that hangs upon it; as I shall endeavour to make manifest in the following Discourse; and Thus *Vindicate Providence* from prevailing Imputations; and by laying the *Two Counter parts* together, infer *A True Estimate of Human Life.*

The Solution.

BE This only noted, at present, "That Happiness "is an immediate Gift of God". It is not in Any, or All his Creatures, Men and Things, to bestow it on us; And what has been said relates to Those chiefly *who live without God in the World.* The Wise King says, and never said a more Important, or *less Obvious* Truth to the Wordly-minded, "*Every Man to whom* "*God hath given Riches, and Wealth, and hath given him Power* "*to eat thereof, and to take his Portion, and to rejoice in his* "*Labour, THIS is the Gift of God*". That is to *Enjoy* is His Gift. This Accounts for the strong Idea of Happiness in the Head, and woful Want of it in the Heart. Our Picture of it is as Gay, Florid, Various, Comprehensive, Exalted as the *Rainbow*; but as Unsubstantial too! as Vanishing! as apt to Weep! And it proceeds from God, as the *Rainbow* from the Sun. But like That, it is a Picture only, like That a Picture occasioned by *Resistance*, and *Opposition*; by the Cloud of our Understanding, and the Grosness of our Hearts, which will not *Imbibe*, but *Return* the Beams of God; did we admit them we should have the *Substance*, Which then, would be Nothing, which is, now, our All. God is the Substance of all Happiness;

which

which it is impossible we should partake, but through a Communication of our *Affections* with him. How Just therefore, how Wise, Affectionate, Opportune, Advantageous, Necessary, is the Advice of my Text, which determined my Mature Choice of it preferably to Any, for it implies All. *Set your Affections on Things above and not on Things on the Earth.* That is, Love God. Which was the *Third* Head propos'd for this Discourse (Page the 3d.) *Thinking* of Things above, I have spoken to, *Judging* of them, I have spoken to partly; what remains on That, with the Head of *Loving*, is the Business of the following Discourse. To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all Power, and Glory, now, and for ever.

FINIS.